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MONTHLY

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

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Edited by AUSTIN HARRISON

JULY 1917

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OR
NECESSITIES

"We have much pleasure in renewing
"our subscription to your Review. It
"has been a great delight to us during
"the past twelve months, and in spite
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"one of the necessities."

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E. LUCCHESI

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Nourishing Brown Bread

¶ We still retain our insular habit of grumbling at things we don't like without making the slightest effort to get a change. Most of us eat the so-called white war bread with wry faces, while we might really enjoy brown. If brown were a rare luxury we should probably covet it. But there is plenty of good brown easily procurable, and none better than Bermaline, made at the Bermaline Mills, Ibrox, Glasgow. A free sample loaf of this excellent bread (untouched by hands) will be sent to any reader of the English Review on receipt of a postcard—as well as the name of the nearest Bermaline baker. The children will enjoy the Bermaline, and every housewife will find it nourishing, appetising, and economical.

A National and Patriotic Charity

¶ An urgent appeal comes from Dr. Barnardo's Homes in respect to the annual collection of 100,000 half-crowns for the Food Bill Fund for their great family of over 7,000 children during the coming lean months. Last year they raised 167,163 half-crowns in memory of the late Dr. Barnardo, and are most anxious to do at least as well this year, because the need is greater owing to the constant increase in the cost of food. Dr. Barnardo's Homes can claim the sympathy of all citizens of the British Empire. They have rescued and trained the nation's destitute children to become good and patriotic citizens. They have helped to build up the Empire with British born. They have admitted over 4,000 children since war broke out, a large proportion of these being children of our brave soldiers and sailors. Nearly 10,000 Barnardo boys are fighting for the Empire. One was recommended for the V.C., but died before he could receive the coveted honour; seven had gained the Military Medal; three have been mentioned in despatches; 11 have gained commissions; one has reached the rank of major. The majority of those who have distinguished themselves are in the overseas contingents. All readers of the English Review can show their appreciation of this national and Imperial work by taking part in the annual collection of half-crowns. Gifts will be welcomed by the Honorary Director, Mr. William Baker, M.A., LL.B., at Headquarters, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1. Cheques and orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes" and crossed (notes should be registered).

The Prophet of Allah

¶ A great *edition de luxe* of the Life of Mohammad, the Prophet of Allah, has been prepared for issue to subscribers only of the Paris Book Club, 11, rue de Chateaudun, Paris (IX^{e}) (by arrangement with the celebrated Parisian publishing firm of M. H. Piazza). The text, drawn from Oriental sources by Sliman-Ben-Ibrahim, is adorned with 35 coloured plates and 12 ornamental pages.

OVERHEARD

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

Mr. S. The more I think about it the more certain I am that you deserve every penny—and more too.

Mrs. S. Thank you, dear—you don't know how nice it is to hear you say that . . . but I don't want payment for it.

Mr. S. Payment !—Great Scott ! . . do you take me for a millionaire ?

Mrs. S. Silly ! I'm afraid you find my economising rather a nuisance sometimes.

Mr. S. A nuisance? . . *rather* not! . . . I've never been more comfortable.

Mrs. S. Not even when we had three servants ?

Mr. S. (firmly) Never ! I always get hot water in the bathroom for the first time in my life . . . that's number one . . .

Mrs. S. Oh, well . . . Mary's only got to light the gas water-heater when she goes down in the morning . . . before, she always had to make a fire up first.

"Kamerad! Kamerad!"

Mr. S. Yes, yes . . . then there's the gas cooker . . . we never got our morning tea so promptly—*or* the breakfast . . . that's number two——

Mrs. S. I simply can't think how we did without a gas cooker . . . but then we didn't have to economise or cook so many casserole dishes or stews and things . . . you *must* have a gas cooker for *that.*

Mr. S. Number three's the gas fires . . . did we ever have the bedrooms decently warmed before ?

Mrs. S. No, I suppose not . . . nor the breakfast-room . . . and no coals or grates to clean, either.

Mr. S. Well, that's what I mean when I say we're more comfortable with fewer servants . . .

Mrs. S. Oh, I meant to tell you . . . I bought a gas incinerator to-day, dear.

Mr. S. What's an incinerator for ?

Mrs. S. To burn the kitchen refuse. You see, in the hot weather we won't want to use the kitchen fire at all, and I didn't know what we should do with the refuse.

Mr. S. What's wrong with the dustbin ?

Mrs. S. You can't put the kitchen refuse in that . . . it's—it's *unholy* ! . . a perfect breeding place for flies. Much better burn one's rubbish and have done with it.

Mr. S. Good egg ! I can burn the garden refuse in it too . . . no end of a nuisance, bonfires—with the smoke all over the place.

Mrs. S. Besides, we *ought* to "swat" those flies . . . nasty pestilent things !

Mr. S. Dare say you're right . . . in fact, Margaret, I'm beginning to think that everything you do is right.

Mrs. S. M'yes . . . marrying *you*, I suppose, among other things . . .

Mr. S. (*threatens*) Look here, my girl, none of your blarney ! . . . You've got your cheque all right—but not another penny . . . profiteering ! . . .

Mrs. S. If you talk like that I'll . . . yes, I know . . . (*quietly*) another meatless day !

Mr. S. (*collapses*) Kamerad! Kamerad!

coloured and gilt, with decorative lettering, Arabesques, etc. The work will be issued towards the end of the year 1917, in a strictly limited edition of one thousand copies, all press numbered. There will be 125 on Imperial Japanese vellum at £18 a copy, and 875 on hand-made paper at £8 a copy. This book is not only a gloriously illustrated volume, but a monument of Oriental art. The great French painter, E. Dinet, is not only responsible for the illustrations, but also for the text, which he has wrought out from Arabic sources in collaboration with his faithful friend on all journeys and peregrinations, Sliman-Ben-Ibrahim. For the first time the life of Mohammad is illustrated by a thoroughly competent artist, who has devoted his life to studying at original sources the incomparable, ever-increasing glory of Eastern life in camp, desert, and oasis. This work is dedicated by the Author-Painter and his Arab collaborator to the memory of the valiant Moslem soldiers, particularly those of France and England, who have laid down their lives in the war. A special illustrated prospectus has been prepared, and will be forwarded post free on demand, at the nominal price of 5*s*. 6*d*., to intending subscribers.

Great Britain to Poland Fund

¶ Dear Sir,—

I was in Russia from December, 1915, to January, 1917, as General Administrator of the "Millicent Fawcett Hospitals" sent out by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, and, as you probably know, your Committee co-operated with us very successfully in equipping and maintaining several hospitals for refugees in various parts of Russia, all of which served a most useful purpose and earned the deep gratitude of the Union of the Zemstvos and the local town councils. This co-operation has now ceased, for the sole reason that we are concentrating on military work (in Galicia)—which is, of course, outside your scope.

Apart from these hospitals, I had unequalled opportunities in my travels about Russia of seeing and hearing about the work carried out by means of your Fund; and as a wholly disinterested and impartial observer, I should like to say that in every centre of which I had experience—notably in Moscow, Kieff, and Petrograd—the local administration was in most capable and reliable hands, and the money was being thoroughly well laid out, and was relieving a distress more acute than we in England have ever witnessed.

The feeding-points and clothes supplied were alike admirably and economically managed, and the Fund must have saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of helpless refugees, especially during the last winter, when food and clothing were at famine prices everywhere.

General administration in Russia, as I can feelingly testify, is fraught with almost incredible difficulties. Letters, when they are not altogether lost, may take months from one town to another; telegrams often arrive by post, and they also are frequently never heard of again—while transport of every description is absolutely chaotic and railway travelling involves intense physical hardship and discomfort.

Mr. John Pollock, your General Administrator, has had a most difficult task, and has never spared himself, but has worked unceasingly in the face of endless discouragements and obstacles.

You are welcome to make what use you like of this.

Yours faithfully,

(*Signed*) Winifred H. Moberly.

To Eveleigh Nash, Esq.

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND NASAL CATARRH

The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment

Articles are frequently appearing in the newspapers and magazines, written by persons who, whilst they deplore the serious loss the United Kingdom sustains annually through the ravages of consumption, hold out no hope of a cure being found. What these people write regarding tuberculosis naturally tends to have a very depressing effect on consumptives who are unfortunate enough to read pessimistic statements. We hasten to say that the belief in the impossibility to cure phthisis is absolutely without foundation, and the sooner the established fact that consumption *can* be cured is everywhere appreciated the better it will be for the masses.

It is not due to the much vaunted open-air measures that we are enabled to state that victims of consumption can be restored to health and strength, but to the specific treatment for phthisis and allied complaints promulgated by Dr. Edwin W. Alabone, which undoubtedly offers the best possible chance of cure. It has been put to the severest tests, and its success has been phenomenal, especially in view of the fact that so many of the patients cured have not commenced the treatment until the eleventh hour, after their cases had been given up as hopeless in other quarters.

As we have before mentioned, any reader who happens to be personally interested in the vitally important question of the cure of consumption should acquaint himself with the *modus operandi* of the Alabone method of treatment. It would certainly be worth his while to do so.

Thousands of people have been cured by this treatment, very many of whom have written telling of the benefit they have received.

The following letter is of interest:—

"Birmingham,
"*8th March*, 1917.

"The Dr. E. W. Alabone Treatment.

"Dear Sirs,—I feel compelled to state briefly my firm belief in your treatment of Phthisis.

"I have just concluded a six months' course of treatment, and I have endeavoured to comply with your instructions kindly given to me from time to time. I believe at the time I took up your treatment the disease had not gone very far, but from that time I steadily put on weight and my general condition gradually improved, and I am very pleased, and indeed thankful, to inform you that after being tested in many ways during the last three months, I am now pronounced cured. I have to thank you for the very businesslike and courteous manner in which you have dealt with my case, including the prompt despatch of medicines and replies to inquiries I have made during my course. I should have no hesitation whatever in earnestly recommending the Alabone Treatment to anyone suffering from the disease.—I am, dear Sirs, yours faithfully,

"A. C. H."

This case, previous to adopting the Treatment, had been in a sanatorium, and had tried Tuberculin Injections.

"Worcester.

"The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment.

"Dear Sirs,—I was yesterday examined by my doctor, who was very pleased with the result of the examination. He said that he could not find any trace of active disease, and that, in his opinion, I could now discontinue the Alabone Treatment.

"I should now like to put on record my appreciation of the benefits I have received from your Treatment. I am sure it has been the means of restoring me to a state of good health and strength again. You may be sure that I shall recommend the Treatment to anyone suffering from Consumption with whom I may come in contact.—I remain, yours very sincerely,

"W. S."

The most complete information on this important question will be gladly supplied on application to the Secretary, The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment, Lynton House, 12 Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5.

Of course, we need hardly point out that what has now come to be known as "The Alabone Treatment" for Consumption and Asthma is not a success in every instance; naturally some do not recover; nevertheless, the **claim is** perfectly justified that in the great majority of cases it is possible to effect genuine and lasting cures, even where the disease is far advanced.

One cannot do better than advise any reader to obtain a copy of Dr. Alabone's important book, "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Diseases of the Chest," now in its 49th edition, 174th thousand, which will be forwarded for 2s. 6d. post free, from Lynton House, 12 Highbury Quadrant, London, N.5.

Index to Vol. XXIV.

(January to June, 1917.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by Austin Harrison

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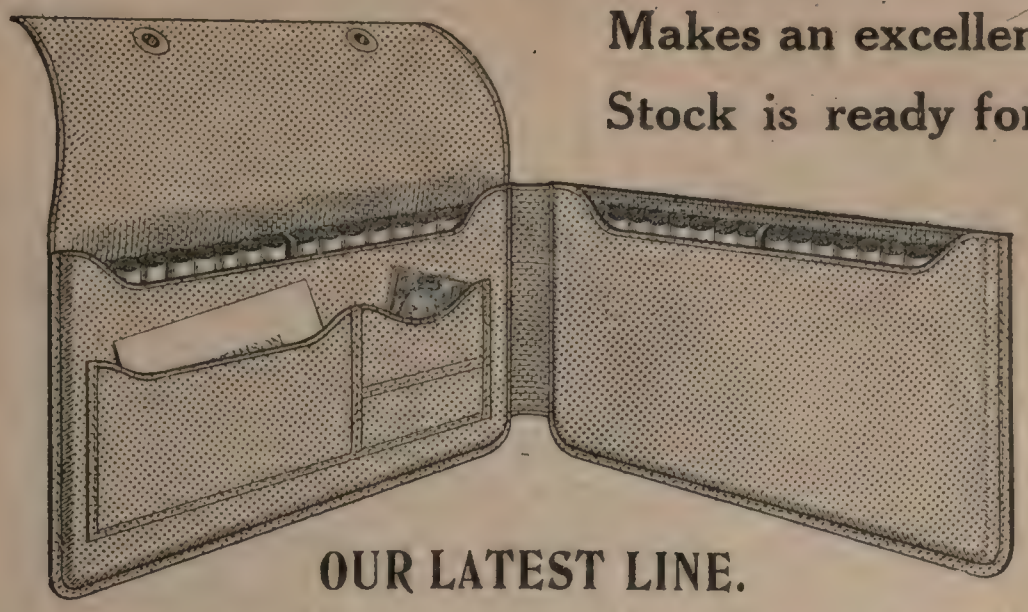

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¶ This Cigarette Case has a capacity of 32 cigarettes, and is fitted with steel springs which prevent any crushing of the contents. From the illustration, it will be seen that it is also provided with a pocket for cards and another for stamps — very useful additions. The flap folds over and fastens in two places as shown.

¶ This Case is well made in a warm brown colour of velvet calf—a high-class production.

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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

19, Garrick Street,

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Soldiers' Soap.

It
Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Dear Sirs, Bournemouth, *1916.*

I am sending you an extract from my son's letter (he is on active service, somewhere in France). I wrote asking if I should send him vermin powder, and his reply is: "DON'T SEND ANY VERMIN POWDER, THANKS; I USE WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, THAT'S AS EFFECTIVE AND MUCH MORE PLEASANT."

It seems to me a unique and spontaneous tribute to your soap.

Yours truly, S . . . . .

4½d. per Tablet. Box of 3 Tablets, 1/1½d.

Will you help

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Will you send us 2/6 ?

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to help to pay the Food Bill for our great family of over 7,000 children during the coming lean months.

The cost of food is constantly increasing.

Last year we raised 167,163 Half-Crowns in memory of the late Dr. Barnardo.

Will you please help us to do the same this year, because the need is greater? 4,334 children admitted since war broke out.

Yours faithfully in the service of the Children,

WILLIAM BAKER, *Honorary Director.*

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Bill Fund," and crossed (Notes should be Registered), and addressed to the Honorary Director, William Baker, M.A., LL.B., at HEAD OFFICES: 18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E. 1.

Please mention "English Review," July, 1917.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JULY, 1917

Blue Lobelia

By G. Gwyn

Do you remember, dear, the garden beds
  Bordered in blue?
As if cerulean skies above our heads
  Their colour had let through.

You looked on them, I looked from sky to ground
  And from the flowers to you,
And in your happy eyes I found
  The self-same hue.

Dear, that was years ago. Your eyes
  Death long since hid away,
But still they smile on me from sunny skies. . . .
  And in the floweret blue
I find the memory of that far-off day,
  And you.

Life and Love

To H. S. Howell

By Meredith Starr

I HAVE looked in the eyes of the wind;
I have lain on the breast of the earth.
I have pulled down the night for a blind
To hide from the sun and his mirth.
I have harnessed the tides of the ocean,
And brought a new æon to birth.

They told me life was a snare;
They said that love was a lie.
I plucked down the stars by their hair;
I rolled up the scroll of the sky.
And I found that life is a crystal
That echoes the song that is I.

And I knew (as the deep soul knows)
That love is the life of the song
That flames in the heart of the rose
And flashes and thrills in the throng
Of the flower-sweet forms of the living
Whose life is the soul of the song.

In the World (iv) *

An Autobiography

By Maxim Gorki

BEFORE the departure of the tailor's wife there had come to live under the flat occupied by my employers a black-eyed young lady with her little girl and her mother, a grey-haired old woman everlastingly smoking cigarettes in an amber mouthpiece. The young lady was very beautiful, imperious, and proud; she spoke in a pleasant deep voice, she looked at everyone with head held high and unblinking eyes as if they were all far away from her and she could hardly see them. Nearly every day her black soldier servant, Tuphyaev, brought a thin-legged brown horse to the steps of her flat. The lady came out in a long, steel-coloured velvet dress, wearing white gauntleted gloves and tan boots. Holding the train of her skirt and a whip with a lilac-coloured stone in its handle with one hand, with the other little hand she lovingly stroked the horse's muzzle; he fixed his great eyes upon her, trembling all over, and softly trampled the soaked ground under his hoofs.

"Robaire, Robaire," she said in a low voice, and she patted the beautiful arched neck of the steed with a firm hand.

Then, setting her foot on the knee of Tuphyaev, she sprang lightly into the saddle, and the horse, prancing proudly, went through the gateway. She sat in the saddle as easily as if she were part of it. She was beautiful with that rare kind of beauty which always seems new and wonderful, and always fills the heart with an intoxicating joy. When I looked at her I thought that Diana of Poictiers, Queen Margot, the maiden Lavallière, and other beauties—heroines of historical novels—were like her.

She was constantly surrounded by the officers of the

* Translated from the Russian by Mrs. G. M. Foakes.

division which was stationed in the town, and in the evenings they used to visit her and play the piano, the violin, and the guitar, and dance and sing. The most frequent of her visitors was Major Olessov, who revolved about her on his short legs, stout, red-faced, grey-haired, and as greasy as an engineer on a steamboat. He played the guitar well and bore himself as the humble, devoted servant of the lady.

As radiantly beautiful as her mother was the little five-year-old, curly-haired, chubby girl. Her great dark blue eyes looked about her gravely, calmly expectant, and there was an air of thoughtfulness about her which was not at all childish.

Her grandmother was occupied with the housekeeping from morning to night with the help of Tuphyaev, a morose, taciturn man, and a fat, cross-eyed housemaid. There was no nursemaid, and the little girl lived almost without any notice being taken of her, playing about all day on the front steps or on a heap of planks near them. I often went out to play with her in the evenings, for I was very fond of her, and she soon became used to me, and would fall asleep in my arms while I was telling her a story. When this happened I used to carry her to bed. Before long it came to this—that she would not go to sleep when she was put to bed unless I went to say good-night to her. When I went to her she would hold out her plump hand with a grand air and say:

"Good-bye till to-morrow! Grandmother, how ought I to say it?"

"God preserve you!" said the grandmother, blowing a cloud of dark blue smoke from her mouth and thin nose.

"God preserve you till to-morrow, and now I am going to sleep," said the little girl, rolling herself up in the bed-clothes, which were trimmed with lace.

The grandmother corrected her:

"Not till to-morrow, but for always!"

"But doesn't to-morrow mean for always?"

She loved the word "to-morrow," and whatever pleased her specially she carried forward into the future. She would stick flowers which had been plucked, or branches which had been broken by the wind, into the ground and say:

"To-morrow this will be a garden——"

"To-morrow, some time, I shall buy myself a horse and ride on horseback like mother."

She was a clever child, but not very lively, and would often break off in the midst of a merry game to become thoughtful, and ask unexpectedly:

"Why do priests have hair like women?"

If she stung herself with nettles she would shake her finger at them, saying:

"You wait! I shall pray God to do something vewy bad to you; God can do bad things to evewy one—He can even punish mamma." Sometimes a soft, serious melancholy descended upon her; she would press close to me, gazing up at the sky with her blue, expectant eyes, and say:

"Sometimes grandmother is cross, but mamma never, she only laughs. Everyone loves her because she never has any time; people are always coming to see her, and to look at her because she is so beautiful. She is 'ovely, mamma is! 'Oseph says so—'ovely!"

I loved to listen to her—she spoke of a world of which I knew nothing. She spoke about her mother willingly and often, and a new life gradually opened out before me, and I was again reminded of Queen Margot, which deepened my faith in books and also my interest in life. One day when I was sitting on the steps waiting for my people, who had gone for a walk, and the little girl had dozed off in my arms, her mother rode up on horseback, sprang lightly to the ground, and, throwing back her head, asked:

"What—is she asleep?"

"Yes."

"That's right."

The soldier Tuphyaev came running to her and took the horse; she stuck her whip in her belt and said, holding out her arms:

"Give her to me!"

"I'll carry her in myself."

"Come on!" cried the lady as if I had been a horse, and she stamped her foot on the step.

The little girl woke up blinking, and seeing her mother held out her arms to her. They went away.

I was used to being shouted at, but I did not like this lady to shout at me; she had only to give an order quietly and everyone obeyed her.

In a few minutes the cross-eyed maid came out for me. The little girl was naughty and would not go to sleep without saying good-night.

It was not without pride in my bearing towards the mother that I entered the drawing-room where the little girl was sitting on the knees of her mother, who was deftly undressing her.

"Here he is," she said; "he has come—this monster——"

"He is not a monster, but my boy."

"Really? Very good. Well, you would like to give something to your boy, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I should!"

"A good idea! I will see to it, and you will go to bed."

"Good-bye till to-morrow," said the little girl, holding out her hand to me. "God preserve you till to-morrow."

The lady exclaimed in surprise:

"Who taught you to say that? Grandmother?"

"Ye—es."

When she had left the room the lady beckoned to me:

"What shall we give you?"

I told her that I did not want anything—but could she let me have a book to read?

She lifted my chin with her warm, scented fingers, and asked with a pleasant smile:

"So you are fond of reading; yes, what books have you read?"

When she smiled she looked more beautiful than ever. I confusedly told her the names of several books.

"What did you find to like in them?" she asked, laying her hand on the table and moving her fingers slightly.

A strong sweet smell of some sort of flowers came from her, mixed with the odour of horse-sweat. She looked at me through her long eyelashes, thoughtfully grave—no one had ever looked at me like that before.

The room was packed as tightly as a bird's nest with beautiful soft furniture; the windows were covered with thick green curtains; the snowy white tiles of the stove

gleamed in the half light; beside the stove shone the glossy surface of a black piano, and from the walls in dull gold frames looked sort of dark writings in large Russian characters, and under each writing hung a large dark seal by a cord. Everything about her looked at that woman as humbly and timidly as I did.

I explained to her as well as I could that my life was very hard and uninteresting, and that reading helped me to forget it.

"Yes; so that's what it is," she said, standing up. "Well, it is not a bad idea, and, in fact, it is quite right. Well, what shall we do? I will get some books for you, but just now I have none. But wait—you can have this one——"

She took a tattered book with a yellow cover from the couch.

"When you have read this I will give you the second volume; there are four."

I went away with the "Secrets of Peterbourg," by Prince Meshtcheski, and began to read the book with great attention. But before I read many pages I saw that the Peterbourgian "secrets" were considerably less interesting than those of Madrid, London, or Paris. The only part which took my fancy was the fable of Svoboda (liberty) and Palka (stick).

"I am your superior," said Svoboda, "because I am cleverer."

But Palka answered her:

"No, it is I who am your superior because I am stronger than you."

They disputed and disputed and fought about it. Palka beat Svoboda and—if I remember rightly—Svoboda died in the hospital as the result of her injuries.

There was some talk of Nihilists in this book. I remember that, according to the Prince Meshtcheski, a Nihilist was such a poisonous individual that his very glance would kill a fowl. What he wrote about Nihilists struck me as being offensive and rude, but I understood nothing else and fell into a state of melancholy; it was very evident that I could not appreciate good books! For I was convinced that it was a good book; such a great and beautiful lady could never read bad books.

"Well, did you like it?" she asked me when I took back the yellow novel by Meshtcheski.

I found it very hard to answer no, I thought it would make her angry. But she only laughed, and going behind the *portière* which led into her sleeping chamber she brought a little volume in a binding of dark blue morocco leather.

"You will like this one, only take care not to soil it."

This was a volume of Pushkin's poems. I read them all at once, seizing upon them with a feeling of greed such as I experienced whenever I happened to visit a beautiful place which I had never seen before. I always tried to run over it all at once. It was like roaming over the mossy hillocks in a marshy wood and suddenly seeing spread before one a dry plain covered with flowers and bathed in sunrays. For a second one gazes upon it enchanted, and then one begins to race about happily, and each contact of one's feet with the soft growth of the fertile earth sends a thrill of joy through one.

Pushkin had so surprised me with the simplicity and music of poetry that for a long time prose seemed unnatural to me, and it did not come easy to me to read it. The prologue to "Ruslan" reminded me of grandmother's best stories all wonderfully compressed into one, and several lines amazed me by their striking truth.

"There, by ways which few observe
Are the trails of invisible wild creatures."

I repeated these wonderful words in my mind, and I could see those footpaths so familiar to me and hardly visible to the average being. I saw the mysterious footprints which had pressed down the grass which had not had time to shake off the drops of dew, heavy as mercury. The full sounding lines of poetry were easily remembered; they adorned everything of which they spoke as if for a festival, they made me happy, my life easy and pleasant, the verses rang out like bells heralding me into a new life. What a happiness it was to be educated!

The magnificent stories of Pushkin touched me more closely, and were more intelligible to me than anything I had read; when I had read them a few times I knew them by heart, and when I went to bed I whispered the verses to myself with my eyes closed until I fell asleep. Very

often I told these stories to the orderlies, who listened and laughed and abused me jokingly. Sidorov stroked my head and said softly:

"That's fine, isn't it? Oh, Lord——"

The awakening which had come to me was noticed by my employers. The old lady scolded me:

"You read too much, and you have not cleaned the samovar for four days, you young monkey! I shall have to take the rolling-pin to you——"

What did I care for the rolling-pin? I took refuge in verses.

"Loving black evil with all thy heart,
Oh, old witch that thou art."

The lady rose still higher in my esteem—see what kind of books she reads! She is not like the porcelain tailor's wife.

When I took back the book and handed it to her with regret, she said in a tone which invited confidence:

"Did you like it? Had you heard of Pushkin before?"

I had read something about the poet in one of the newspapers, but I wanted her to tell me about him, so I said that I had never heard of him.

Then she briefly told me the life and death of Pushkin, and asked, smiling like a spring day:

"Do you see how dangerous it is to love women?"

All the books I had read had shown me that it was really dangerous, but it was also pleasant, so I said:

"It is dangerous, yet everyone falls in love. And women suffer for love too——"

She looked at me as she looked at everyone, through her lashes, and said gravely:

"You think so? You understand that? Then the best thing I can wish you is that you may not forget it."

And then she asked me what verses I liked best.

I began to repeat some from memory with gesticulations. She listened silently and gravely, then she rose, and walking up and down the room said thoughtfully:

"We shall have to have you taught, my little wild animal! I must think about it. Your employers, are they relations of yours?"

And when I answered in the affirmative she exclaimed: "Oh!" as if she blamed me for it.

She gave me "The Songs of Beranger," a special edition with engravings, with gilt edges and a red leather binding. These songs made me feel giddy with their strange mixture of bitter grief and boisterous happiness.

With a cold chill at my heart I read the bitter words of "The Old Beggar":

> "Homeless worm, have I disturbed you?
> Crush me under your feet!
> Why be pitiful? Crush me quickly!
> Why is it that you have never taught me,
> Nor given me an outlet for my energy?
> From the grub an ant might have come,
> I might have died in the love of my fellows.
> But dying as an old tramp
> I shall be avenged on the world!"

And directly after this I laughed till I cried over the "Weeping Husband." I remembered especially the words of Beranger:

> "A happy science of life
> Is not hard for the simple."

Beranger aroused me to moods of joyfulness, to a desire to be saucy and to say something rude to people, rude, sharp words, and in a very short time I had become proficient in this art. His verses I also learned by heart, and recited them with pleasure to the orderlies, running into the kitchen where they sat for a few minutes at a time.

But I soon had to give this up because the lines,

> "But such a hat is not becoming
> To a young girl of seventeen,"

gave rise to an offensive conversation about girls which made me furiously disgusted, and I hit the soldier, Ermokhin, over the head with a saucepan. Sidorov and the other orderlies tore me away from his clumsy hands, but I made up my mind from that time to go no more to the officers' kitchen.

I was not allowed to walk about the streets, and, in fact, there was no time for it, the work had so increased. Now, in addition to my usual duties as housemaid, yard-man, and errand-boy, I had to nail calico to wide boards, fasten the plans thereto, and copy calculations for my master's architectural work and verify the contractor's

accounts, for my master worked from morning to night like a machine.

At that time the public buildings of the Yarmarka* were the private property of individuals; rows of shops were built very rapidly, and my master had the contracts for the reconstruction of the old shops and the erection of new ones. He drew up plans for the rebuilding of vaults, or the throwing out of a dormer window and such like. I took the plans to an old architect together with an envelope in which was hidden paper-money to the value of twenty-five roubles, the architect took the money and wrote under the plans: "The plans are correct, and the inspection of the work has been performed by me, Imraik." As a matter of fact he had not seen the original of the plans, and he could not inspect the work as he was always obliged to stay at home by reason of his malady.

I used to take bribes to the inspector of the Yarmarka and to other necessary people, from whom I received what the master called papers which permitted all kinds of illegalities. For this service I obtained the right to wait for my employers at the door on the front steps, when they went out to see their friends in the evenings. This did not often happen, but when it did they used not to return until after midnight, and I used to sit at the top of the steps or on the heap of planks opposite them for hours, looking into the windows of my lady's flat, thirstily listening to the gay conversation and the music.

The windows were open; through the curtains and the screen of flowers I could see the fine figures of officers moving about the room, the rotund major waddled about, and She floated about dressed with astonishing simplicity but so beautifully.

In my own mind I called her "Queen Margot."

"This is the gay life that they write about in French books," I thought, looking in at the window. And I always felt rather sad about it—a childish jealousy made it painful for me to see "Queen Margot" surrounded by men, who buzzed about her like wasps over flowers.

Her least frequent visitor was a tall, unhappy-looking officer, with a furrowed brow and deep-sunken eyes, who always brought his violin with him, and played marvellously

* Yarmarka = market-place.

—so marvellously that the passers-by used to stop under the window, and all the dwellers in the street used to gather round, even my employers, if they happened to be at home, would open the window and listen and praise. I never remember their praising anyone else except the subdeacon of the cathedral, and I know that a fish-pie was more pleasing to them than any kind of music.

Sometimes this officer sang and recited verses in a muffled voice, sighing strangely and pressing his hand to his brow. Once when I was playing under the window with the little girl, and "Queen Margot" asked him to sing he refused for a long time, and then said clearly:

"Only, a song has need of beauty,
While beauty has no need of songs."

I thought these lines were lovely, and for some reason I felt sorry for the officer.

What I liked best was to look at my lady when she sat at the piano, alone in the room, and played. Music intoxicated me, and I could see nothing but the window, and beyond that, in the yellow light of the lamp the finely formed figure of the woman, her haughty profile, and her white hands hovering like birds over the keys. I gazed at her, listened to the plaintive music, and dreamed. If I could find some treasure I would give it all to her so that she should be rich! If I had been Skobelev I would declare war on the Turks again, I would have taken money for ransoms, and would have built a house for her on the Otkossa, the best site in the whole town, and made her a present of it—if only she would leave this street where everyone talked offensively about her. The neighbours, all the servants belonging to our yard, and my employers more than all, spoke about "Queen Margot" as evilly and spitefully as they had talked about the tailor's wife, but more cautiously, with lowered voices, and looking about them as they spoke.

They were afraid of her probably because she was the widow of a very distinguished man; the writings on the walls of her rooms, too, were privileges bestowed on her husband's ancestors by the old Russian emperors, Goudonov, Alexei, and Peter the Great. This was told me by the soldier, Tuphyaev, a man of education, who was always reading

the Gospels; or it may have been that people were afraid lest she should thrash them with her whip with the lilac-coloured stone in the handle. It was said that she had once struck a person of position with it.

But words uttered under the breath were no better than words uttered aloud. My lady lived in a cloud of enmity, an enmity which I could not understand and which tormented me. Victorushka related how returning home after midnight he had looked into her bedroom window and had seen "Queen Margot" with nothing on but a chemise, sitting on the couch, while the major was kneeling before her and cutting her toe-nails and wiping them with a sponge. The old lady abused her and spat, while the young mistress squealed, blushing:

"Victor! Phoo! What a disgraceful thing! What a vile woman she must be!"

The master was silent, just smiling to himself. I was very grateful to him for keeping silence, but every moment I dreaded that he would join sympathetically in the noise and racket. Squealing and groaning the women demanded all the details from Victorushka—wanting to know exactly how the lady was sitting, and how the major looked kneeling.

"His face was red, and his tongue was out."

I saw nothing dreadful in the fact that the major was cutting the lady's toe-nails, but I would not believe that he had his tongue out, the latter appeared to me as an insulting lie, and I said to Victorushka:

"Even if all was not as it should be, what business had you to look in at the window? You are not a child——"

They scolded me for this, of course, but that did not trouble me, I had only one desire—to run downstairs, go down on my knees before the lady, as the major had done, and beg her:

"Please, go away from this house!"

Now that I knew that there was another life, that there were different people, feelings, ideas, this house with all its tenants aroused in me a feeling of disgust which oppressed me more and more. It was entangled in the meshes of a dirty net of disgraceful tittle-tattle, there was not a single person in it of whom evil was not spoken. The regimental chaplain, though he was ill and miserable, had a

reputation for being a drunkard and a rake; the officers and their wives were living, according to my employers, in a state of sin; the soldiers' conversation about women, which ran on the same lines, had become repulsive to me, but my employers disgusted me most of all. I knew too well the real value of their favourite amusement, namely, the merciless judgment of other people. Watching and commenting on the crimes of others was the only amusement in which they could indulge without paying for it. They just amused themselves by putting those about them on the rack verbally, and, as it were, revenged themselves on others because they lived so piously, laboriously, and uninterestingly themselves.

When they spoke so vilely about "Queen Margot" I was seized by a convulsion of feeling which was not childish at all; my heart swelled with hatred for the back-biters; I was overcome by an irresistible desire to do harm to everyone, and to be insolent, and sometimes a flood of tormenting pity for myself and everyone else swept over me—and that dumb pity was more painful than hatred.

I knew more about my Queen than they did, and I was always afraid that they would find out what I knew.

On Sundays, when my employers had gone to the Cathedral for High Mass, I used to go to her the first thing in the morning, she would call me into her bedroom, and there I sat in a small armchair upholstered in gold-coloured silk, with the little girl on my knee, and told the mother about the books I had read. She lay in a wide bed with her cheek resting on her small hands which were clasped together, her body hidden under a counterpane, gold in colour like everything else in the bedroom, her dark hair lay in a plait over her swarthy shoulder and her breast, and sometimes fell over the side of the bed till it touched the floor.

As she listened to me she looked into my face with her soft eyes, and a hardly perceptible smile, and said:

"That's right!"

Even her kind smile was in my eyes the condescending smile of a queen. She spoke in a deep, tender voice, and it seemed to me that it said always:

"I know that I am immeasurably above all other people, and no one of them is necessary to me."

Sometimes I found her before her mirror, sitting in a low chair and doing her hair, the ends of which lay on her knees, over the arms and the back of the chair, and fell almost to the floor—her hair was as long and thick as grandmother's. In the glass I could see her swarthy, firm breasts. She put on her underclothes, her stockings in my presence, but her clean nudity aroused in me no feeling of shame, but only a joyful feeling of pride in her. A flowerlike smell always came from her, protecting her from any evil thoughts concerning her.

I was strong and healthy, and well acquainted with the secrets of the relations of men with women, but people had spoken before me of these secrets with such heartless malice, so cruelly and obscenely, that I could not bring myself to imagine this woman in the arms of a man, and it was hard for me to think that anyone could ever have the right to touch her boldly and shamelessly, to lay proprietary hands upon her body. I felt sure that the love of the kitchen and the pantry was unknown to "Queen Margot," she knew something different, a higher joy, a different kind of love.

But one day late in the afternoon, going into her drawing-room, I heard from the bedroom the ringing laugh of the lady of my heart, and a masculine voice:

"Wait a minute! Good Lord! I can't believe——"

I ought to have gone away, I knew that, but I could not.

"Who is that?" she asked. "You! Come in——"

The bedroom was heavy with the odour of flowers; it was twilight, for the curtains were drawn. "Queen Margot" lay in bed with the bedclothes drawn up to her chin, and beside her against the wall sat, clad in his shirt only, with his chest bared, the officer violinst; on his breast was a scar which lay like a red streak from the right shoulder to the nipple, and was so vivid that even in the half-light I could see it distinctly. The hair of the officer was ruffled comically, and for the first time I saw a smile on his sad, furrowed countenance—he was smiling strangely. And his large feminine eyes looked at the "Queen" as if it were the first time he had gazed upon her beauty.

"This is my friend," said "Queen Margot." And I did not know whether she were referring to me or to him.

"What are you looking so frightened about?" I heard her voice as if from a distance. "Come here——"

When I went to her she placed her hot hands on my bare neck and said:

"You will grow up and you will be happy. Go along——"

I put the book on the shelf, took another, and went away as best I could.

Something seemed to grate in my heart. Of course I did not for a moment think that my Queen loved as other women, nor did the officer give me reason to think so. I saw his face before me with that smile—he was smiling for joy like a child who has been pleasantly surprised, his sad face was wonderfully transfigured. He had to love her—could anyone not love her? And she also had cause to bestow her love upon him generously—he played so wonderfully, and could quote poetry so touchingly.

But the very fact that I had to find these consolations showed me clearly that all was not well with my attitude to what I had seen, nor even towards "Queen Margot" herself. I felt that I had lost something, and I lived for several days in a state of deep dejection. One day I was turbulently and recklessly insolent, and when I went to my lady for a book she said to me sternly:

"You seem to be a desperate character from what I have heard! I did not know that——"

I could not endure this, and I began to explain how nauseating I found the life I had to lead, and how hard it was for me to hear people speaking ill of her. Standing in front of me with her hand on my shoulder, she listened at first attentively and seriously, but soon she was laughing and pushing me away from her gently.

"That will do, I know all about it. Do you understand? I know!"

Then she took both my hands and said to me very tenderly:

"The less attention you pay to all that nastiness the better for you. You wash your hands very badly——"

She need not have said this; if she had had to clean the brasses, wash the floor and the dirty cloths, her hands would not have been any better than mine, I think.

"When a person knows how to live he is slandered,

they are jealous of him; and if he doesn't know how to live they despise him," she said thoughtfully, drawing me to her and looking into my eyes with a smile. "Do you love me?"

"Yes."

"Very much?"

"Yes."

"But—how?"

"I don't know."

"Thank you! You are a good boy! I like people to love me——" She smiled, looked as if she were going to say something more, but remained silent, still keeping me in her arms. "Come oftener to see me, come whenever you can——"

I took advantage of this, and she did me a lot of good. After dinner my employers used to lie down, and I used to run downstairs, and if she were at home would stay with her for an hour and sometimes even longer.

"You must read Russian books, you must know all about Russian life."

She taught me, sticking hairpins into her fragrant hair with rosy fingers. And she enumerated the Russian authors, and added:

"Will you remember them?"

She often said thoughtfully and with an air of slight vexation:

"We must have you taught, and I am always forgetting! Ach, my God——"

After sitting with her I ran downstairs with a new book in my hands and feeling as if I had been washed inside.

I had already read Aksakov's "Family Chronicle"; the glorious Russian poem "In the Forests"; the amazing "Memoirs of a Hunter"; several volumes of Grebenkov and Solugub; the poetry of Venevitinov, Odoevski, Tutchev. These books laved my soul, washing away the husks of barren and bitter reality. I felt that these were good books, and realised that they were indispensable to me. One result of reading them was that I gained a firm conviction that I was not alone in the world, and the fact that I should not be lost, took root in my soul.

When grandmother came to see me I used to tell her

joyfully about "Queen Margot," and she, taking a pinch of snuff with great enjoyment, said heartily:

"Well, well, that is very nice! You see, there are plenty of good people about; you only have to look for them and then you will find them!"

And one day she suggested:

"How would it be if I went to her and said thank you for what she does for you?"

"No, it is better not——"

"Well, if you don't want me to—— Lord, Lord! How good it all is! I would like to go on living for ever and ever!"

"Queen Margot" never carried out her project of having me taught, for an unpleasant affair happened on the Feast of the Holy Trinity and nearly ruined me.

Not long before the holiday my eyelids became terribly swollen and my eyes were quite closed up. My employers were afraid that I should go blind, and I was also afraid. They took me to the well-known doctor, Genrikh Rodzevich, who lanced my eyelids, and for days I lay with my eyes bandaged in tormenting black misery. The day before the Feast of the Trinity my bandages were taken off and I walked about once more, feeling as if I had come back from a grave in which I had been laid alive. Nothing can be more terrible than to lose one's sight; it is an unspeakable injury which takes a hundred worlds away from a man.

The joyful day of the Holy Trinity arrived, and, as an invalid, I was off duty from noon and went to the kitchen to pay a visit to the orderlies. All of them, even the strict Tuphyaev, were drunk, and towards evening Ermokhin struck Sidorov on the head with a block of wood. The latter fell senseless to the ground, and Ermokhin, terrified, ran out to the causeway.

An alarming rumour that Sidorov had been murdered was soon spread over the yard. People gathered on the steps and looked at the soldier stretched motionless across the threshold; there were whispers that the police ought to be sent for, but no one went to fetch them, and no one could be persuaded to touch the soldier.

Then the washerwoman, Natalia Kozlovski, in a new blue frock with a white neckerchief, appeared on the scene.

She pushed the people aside angrily, went into the entrance passage, squatted down—said loudly:

"Fools! He is alive! Give me some water——"

They began to protest:

"Don't meddle with what is not your business!"

"Water, I tell you!" she cried, as if there were a fire. She lifted her new frock over her knees in a businesslike manner, spread out her underskirt, and laid the soldier's bleeding head on her knees.

The crowd dispersed, disapproving and fearful. In the dim light of the passage I could see the eyes of the washerwoman flashing angrily, full of tears, in her white, round face. I took her a pail of water, and she ordered me to throw it over the head and breast of Sidorov with the caution:

"Don't spill it over me, I am going to pay a visit to some friends——"

The soldier came to himself, opened his dull eyes, moaned.

"Lift him up," said Natalia, holding him under the armpits with her hands outstretched lest he should soil her frock. We carried the soldier into the kitchen and laid him on the bed; she wiped his face with a wet cloth, and went away saying:

"Soak the cloth in water and hold it to his head, and I will go and find that fool. Devils! I suppose they won't be satisfied until they have drunk themselves into prison."

She went out after slipping her soiled under-petticoat from her legs to the floor and flinging it into a corner, and carefully smoothing out her rustling, crumpled frock.

Sidorov stretched himself, hiccupped, sighed—warm drops of thick blood fell on my bare feet from his head. This was unpleasant, but I was too frightened to move my feet away from those drops.

It was bitter; the sun shone festively out in the yard; the steps of the houses and the gate were decorated with young birch; to each pedestal were tied freshly cut branches of maple and mountain ash; the whole street was gay with foliage; everything was so young, so new. Ever since the morning I had felt that the spring holiday had come to stay, and that it had made life cleaner, brighter, happier.

The soldier was sick, the stifling odour of warm vodka and green onion filled the kitchen, against the window were pressed sort of dull, misty, broad faces, with flattened noses, and hands held against their cheeks, which made them look hideous.

The soldier muttered as he recollected himself:

"What happened to me? Did I fall, Ermokhin? Go—o—od comrade——" Then he began to cough, wept drunken tears, and groaned, "My little sister—my little sister——"

He stood up, tottering, wet, and stinking; he staggered and falling back heavily upon the bed said, rolling his eyes strangely:

"They have quite killed me——"

This struck me as being funny.

"What the devil are you laughing at?" he asked, looking at me dully. "What is there to laugh at. I am killed for ever——"

He began to hit out at me with both hands, muttering:

"The first time was that of Elias the prophet; the second time St. George on his steed; the third—— Don't come near me! Go away, wolf——"

"Don't be a fool!" I said.

He became absurdly angry, roared and stamped his feet.

"I am killed, and you——"

And with his heavy, slow, dirty hand he struck me in the eyes. I set up a howl and blindly made for the yard, where I ran into Natalia leading Ermokhin by the arm, crying:

"Come along, horse! What is the matter with you?" she asked, catching hold of me.

"He has come to himself——"

"Come to himself, eh?" she drawled in amazement. And drawing Ermokhin along she said:

"Well, were-wolf! You may thank your God for this!"

I washed my eyes with water, and looking through the door of the passage I saw the soldiers make their peace, embracing each other and crying. Then they both tried to embrace Natalia, but she hit out at them, crying:

"Take your paws off me, curs! What do you take me for? One of your street-walkers? Make haste and get to sleep before your masters come home or there will be trouble for you!"

She made them lie down as if they were little children, the one on the floor, the other on the pallet-bed, and when they began to snore came out into the porch.

"I am in a mess—and I was dressed to go out visiting too! Did he hit you? What a fool! That's what it does—vodka! Don't drink, little fellow, never drink——"

Then I sat on the bench at the gate with her and asked how it was that she was not afraid of drunken people.

"I am not afraid of sober people either. If they come near me this is what they get!" She showed me her tightly clenched red fist. "My dead husband was also given to drink too much, and once when he was drunk I tied his hands and feet, and when he had slept it off I took down his trousers and gave him a birching for his health. 'Don't drink, don't get drunk when you are married,' I said; 'your wife should be your amusement, and not vodka!' Yes, I scolded him until I was tired, and after that he was like wax in my hands."

"You are strong," I said, remembering the woman, Eve, who deceived even God Himself.

Natalia replied with a sigh:

"A woman needs more strength than man, she has to have strength enough for two, and God has bestowed it upon her! Man is an unstable creature."

She spoke calmly, without malice, sitting with her arms folded over her large bosom, resting her back against the fence, her eyes fixed sadly on the dusty gutter full of rubbish. Listening to her clever talk I forgot all about the time, and suddenly I saw my master coming along arm in arm with the mistress. They were walking slowly, pompously, like a turkey-cock with his hen, and, looking at us attentively, said something to one another.

I ran to open the front door to them, and as she came up the steps the mistress said to me venomously:

"So you are courting the washerwoman? Are you learning to carry on with ladies of that low class?"

This was so stupid that it did not even annoy me, but I felt offended when the master said, laughing:

"What do you expect? It is time!"

The next morning, when I went into the shed for the wood, I found in the square hole which was made for the hook of the door an empty purse, and as I had seen it many times in the hands of Sidorov I took it to him at once.

"Where is the money gone?" he asked, feeling the inside of the purse with his fingers. "Thirty roubles there were! Give them here!"

His head was enveloped in a turban formed of a towel; looking yellow and wasted he blinked at me angrily with his swollen eyes, and refused to believe that I had found the purse empty.

Ermokhin came in and backed him up, shaking his head at me:

"It is he who has stolen it! Take him to his master! Soldiers do not steal from soldiers."

These words made me think that he had stolen the money himself and had thrown the purse into my shed, and I called out to his face without hesitation:

"Liar! You stole it yourself!"

And I was convinced that I had guessed right when I saw his wooden face drawn crooked with fear and rage, as he writhed and cried shrilly:

"Prove it!"

How could I prove it? Ermokhin dragged me with a shout across the yard; Sidorov followed us, also shouting; several people put their heads out of the windows; the mother of "Queen Margot" looked on, smoking calmly. I realised that I had fallen in the esteem of my lady—and I went mad.

I remember the soldiers dragging me by the arms, and my employers standing before them sympathetically agreeing with them as they listened to the complaint, and the mistress saying:

"Of course he took it! He was courting the washerwoman at the gate last evening, and he must have had some money; no one gets anything from her without money——"

"That's true!" cried Ermokhin.

I was swept off my feet, consumed by a wild rage. I began to abuse the mistress, and was soundly beaten.

But it was not so much the beating which tortured me

as the thought of what my "Queen Margot" was thinking of me now. How should I ever set myself right in her eyes? Bitter were my thoughts in that dreadful time. I only did not strangle myself because I had not the time to do so.

Fortunately for me the soldiers spread the story over the whole yard, the whole street, and in the evening as I lay in the attic I heard the loud voice of Natalia Kozlovski below:

"No, why should I hold my tongue? No, my dear fellow, get away, get along with you! Go away, I say! If you don't, I will go to your gentleman and he will give you something!"

I felt at once that this noise was about me. She was shouting near our steps, her voice rang out loudly and triumphantly.

"How much money did you show me yesterday? Where did you get it from? Tell us——"

Holding my breath with joy, I heard Sidorov drawl sadly:

"Aie—aie, Ermokhin——"

"And the boy has had the blame of it? He has been beaten for it, eh?"

I felt like running down to the yard and dancing there for joy and kissing the washerwoman out of gratitude, but at that moment, apparently from the window, my mistress cried:

"The boy was beaten because he was insolent, but no one believed that he was a thief except you, you slut!"

"Slut yourself, madam! You are nothing better than a cow, if you will permit me to say so."

I listened to this quarrel as if it were music; my heart burned with hot tears of self-pity and gratitude to Natalia; I held my breath in the effort to keep them back.

Then the master came slowly up to the attic, sat on a projecting beam near me, and said, smoothing his hair:

"Well, brother Pyeshkov, and so you had nothing to do with it?"

I turned my face away without speaking.

"All the same, your language was hideous," he went on; and I announced to him quietly:

"As soon as I can get up I shall leave you——"

(*To be continued.*)

The Reality of Peace (iii)

By D. H. Lawrence

We long most of all to belong to life. This primal desire, the desire to come into being, the desire to achieve a transcendent state of existence, is all we shall ever know of a *primum mobile*. But it is enough.

And corresponding with this desire for absolute life, immediately consequent is the desire for death. This we will never admit. We cannot admit the desire of death in ourselves even when it is single and dominant. We must still deceive ourselves with the name of life.

This is the root of all confusion, this inability for man to admit, "Now I am single in my desire for destructive death." When it is autumn in the world, the autumn of a human epoch, then the desire for death becomes single and dominant. I want to kill, I want violent sensationalism, I want to break down, I want to put asunder, I want anarchic revolution—it is all the same, the single desire for death.

We long most of all for life and creation. That is the final truth. But not all life belongs to life. Not all life is progressing to a state of transcendent being. For many who are born and live year after year there is no such thing as coming to blossom. Many are saprophyte, living on the dead body of the past. Many are parasite, living on the old and enfeebled body politic; and many, many more are mere impurities. Many, in these days, most human beings, having come into the world on the impulse of death, find that the impulse is not strong enough to carry them into absolution. They reach a maturity of physical life, and then the advance ends. They have not the strength for the further passage into darkness. They are born short, they wash on a slack tide; they will never be flung into the transcendence of the second death. They are spent before they arrive; their life is a slow lapsing out,

a slow inward corruption. Their flood is the flood of decomposition and decay; in this they have their being. They are like the large green cabbages that cannot move on into flower. They attain a fatness and magnificence of leaves, then they rot inside. There is not sufficient creative impulse, they lapse into green corpulence. So with the sheep and the pigs of our domestic life. They frisk into life as if they would pass on to pure being. But the tide fails them. They grow fat; their only *raison d'être* is to provide food for a really living organism. They have only the moment of first youth, then they lapse gradually into nullity. It is given us to devour them.

So with very many human lives, especially in what is called the periods of decadence. They have mouths and stomachs, and an obscene *will* of their own. Yes, they have also prolific procreative wombs whence they bring forth increasing insufficiency. But the germ of intrinsic creation they have none, neither have they the courage of true death. They never live. They are like the sheep in the fields, that have their noses to the ground, and anticipate only the thrill of increase.

These will never understand, neither life nor death. But they will bleat mechanically about life and righteousness, since this is how they can save their appearances. And in their eyes is the furtive tyranny of nullity. They will understand no word of living death, since death encompasses them. If a man understands the living death, he is a man in the quick of creation.

The quick can encompass death, but the living dead are encompassed. Let the dead bury their dead. Let the living dead attend to the dead dead. What has creation to do with them?

The righteousness of the living dead is an abominable nullity. They, the sheep of the meadow, they eat and eat to swell out their living nullity. They are so many, their power is immense, and the negative power of their nullity bleeds us of life as if they were vampires. Thank God for the tigers and the butchers that will free us from the abominable tyranny of these greedy, negative sheep.

It is very natural that every word about death they will decry as evil. For if death be understood, they are found out. They are multitudes of slow, greedy-mouthed decay.

There are the isolated heroes of passionate and beautiful death, Tristan, Achilles, Napoleon. These are the royal lions and tigers of our life. There are many wonderful initiators into the death for re-birth, like Christ and St. Paul and St. Francis. But there is a ghastly multitude of obscene nullity, flocks of hideous sheep with blind mouths and still blinder crying, and hideous cowards' eye of tyranny for the sake of their own bloated nothingness.

These are the enemy and the abomination. And they are so many we shall with difficulty save ourselves from them. Indeed, the word humanity has come to mean only this obscene flock of blind mouths and blinder bleating, and most hideous cowards' tyranny of negation. Save us, oh, holy death; carry us beyond them, oh, holy life of creation; for how shall we save ourselves against such ubiquitous multitudes of living dead? It needs a faith in that which has created all creation, and will therefore never fall before the blind mouth of nullity.

The sheep, the hideous myrmidons of sheep, all *will* and belly and prolific womb, they have their own absolution. They have the base absolution of the *I*. A vile entity detaches itself and shuts itself off immune from the flame of creation and from the stream of death likewise. They assert a free will. And this free will is a horny, glassy, insentient covering into which they creep, like some tough bugs, and therein remain active and secure from life and death. So they swarm in insulated completeness, obscene like bugs.

We are quite insulated from life. And we think ourselves quite immune from death. But death, beautiful death searches us out, even in our armour of insulated will. Death is within us, while we tighten our will to keep him out. Death, beautiful clean death, washes slowly within us and carries us away. We have never known life, save, perhaps, for a few moments during childhood. Well may heaven lie about us in our infancy, if our maturity is but the bug-like security of a vast and impervious envelope of insentience, the insentience of the human mass. Heaven lies about us in our consummation of manhood, if we are men. If we are men, we attain to heaven in our achieved manhood, our flowering maturity. But if we are like bugs, our first sight of this good earth may well seem

heavenly. For we soon learn not to see. A bug, and a sheep, sees only with its fear and its belly. Its eyes look out in a coward's will not-to-see, a self-righteous vision.

It is not the will of the overweening individual we have to fear to-day, but the consenting together of a vast host of null ones. It is no Napoleon or Nero, but the innumerable myrmidons of nothingness. It is not the leopard or the hot tiger, but the masses of rank sheep. Shall I be pressed to death, shall I be suffocated under the slow and evil weight of countless long-faced sheep? This is a fate of ignominy indeed. Who compels us to-day? The malignant null sheep. Who overwhelms us? The persistent, purblind, bug-like sheep. It is a horrid death to be suffocated under these fat-smelling ones.

There is an egoism far more ghastly than that of the tyrannous individual. It is the egoism of the flock. What if a tiger pull me down? It is straight death. But what if the flock which counts me part of itself compress me and squeeze me with slow malice to death? It cannot be, it shall not be. I cry to the spirit of life, I cry to the spirit of death to save me. I *must* be saved from the vast and obscene self-conceit which is the ruling force of the world that envelops me.

The tiger is sufficient unto himself, a law unto himself. Even the grisly condor sits isolated on the peak. It is the will of the flock that is the obscenity of obscenities. Timeless and clinched in stone is the naked head of the vulture. Timeless as rock, the great condor sits inaccessible in the heights. It is the last brink of deathly life, just alive, just dying, not quite static. It has locked its unalterable will forever against life and death. It persists in the flux of unclean death. It leans forever motionless on death. The will is fixed, there shall be no yielding to life, no yielding to death. Yet death gradually steals over the huge obscene birds. Gradually the leaves fall from the rotten branch, the feathers leave naked the too-dead neck of the vulture.

But worse than the fixed and obscene will of the isolated individual is the will of the obscene herd. They cringe, the herd; they shrink their buttocks downward like the hyæna. They are one flock. They are a nauseous herd together, keeping up a steady heat in the whole. They have one temperature, one aim, one will, enveloping them into

an obscene oneness, like a mass of insects or sheep or carrion-eaters. What do they want? They want to maintain themselves insulated from life and death. Their will has asserted its own absolution. They are the arrogant immitigable beings who have achieved a secure entity. They are *it*. Nothing can be added to them, nor detracted. Enclosed and complete, they have their completion in the whole herd, they have their wholeness in the whole flock, they have their oneness in their multiplicity. Such are the sheep, such is humanity, an obscene whole which is no whole, only a multiplied nullity. But in their multiplicity they are so strong that they can defy both life and death for a time, existing like weak insects, powerful and horrible because of their countless numbers.

It is in vain to appeal to these ghastly myrmidons. They understand neither the language of life nor the language of death. They are fat and prolific and all-powerful, innumerable. They are in truth nauseous slaves of decay. But now, alas! the slaves have got the upper hand. Nevertheless, it only needs that we go forth with whips, like the old chieftain. Swords will not frighten them, they are too many. At all costs the herd of nullity must be subdued. It is the worst cōward. It has triumphed, this slave herd, and its tyranny is the tyranny of a pack of jackals. But it can be frightened back to its place. For its cowardice is as great as its arrogance.

Sweet, beautiful death, come to our help. Break in among the herd, make gaps in its insulated completion. Give us a chance, sweet death, to escape from this herd and gather together against it a few living beings Purify us with death, O death, cleanse from us the rank stench of the mass, make us clean and single. Release us from the intolerable oneness with a negative humanity. Break for us this foul prison where we suffocate in the reek of the flock of the living dead. Smash, beautiful destructive death, smash the complete will of the hosts of man, the will of the self-absorbed bug. Smash the great obscene unison. Death, assert your strength now, for it is time. They have defied you so long. They have even, in their mad arrogance, begun to deal in death as if it also were subjugated. They thought to use death as they have used life this long

time, for their own base end of nullification. Swift death was to serve their end of enclosed, arrogant, self-assertion. Death was to help them maintain themselves *in statu quo*, the benevolent and self-righteous bugs of humanity.

Let there be no humanity, let there be a few men. Sweet death, save us from humanity. Death, noble, unstainable death, smash the glassy rind of humanity, as one would smash the brittle hide of the insulated bug. Smash humanity, and make an end of it. Let there emerge a few pure and single men—men who give themselves to the unknown of life and death and are fulfilled. Make an end of our unholy oneness, O death, give us to our single being. Release me from the debased social body, O death, release me at last; let me be by myself, let me be myself. Let me know other men who are single and not contained by any multiple oneness. Let me find a few men who are distinct and at ease in themselves like stars. Let me derive no more from the body of mankind. Let me derive direct from life or direct from death, according to the impulse that is in me.

The Trench and the Pulpit

By Eden Phillpotts

From the beginning of the war to the present time the disparity of vision between pulpit and trench has occasioned many impartial onlookers profound interest. To win any sort of spiritual understanding a man must feel the truth. No amount of imagination will reach to it; no native piety and no consciousness of the rectitude of one's own cause will serve the purpose. We find on all sides among the belligerents exactly similar phenomena. The intelligent man in the trenches writes home his impressions, and often the storm and stress of his soul awaken into song. But the poetry and prose of the trenches are inspired by the same vision of reality, and half the war books now obtainable will be found full of quotations from Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, all saying the same thing in different words. They echo horror for humanity and like pity for the sufferings of their friends and enemies; they hope, and often pray, that this cup may soon pass from humanity's lips for ever. Face to face with the truth of war, the men in the trenches, who have intellectual power sufficient to weigh and measure what they see inflicted on flesh and blood, are at one in a wide, human compassion transcending nationality and any other cause smaller than the immortal cause of mankind. They do not dwell overmuch upon the reasons for it all, but they mourn the results, and, far from expressing any hatred of the enemy before them, recognise that he, like themselves, has been driven to do another will than his own, and to suffer for large abstractions and ambitions in which neither he nor any individual can claim more than a vague and misty part. He is sorry for his enemy, and either laments or despises the necessity which has called for this destruction. He fights indeed with the skill and judgment he was prepared to bring to greater affairs of life. He fights to conquer, and he wastes no false sentiment on the pressing need to kill his fellow-man; but he does it like a gentleman, and he recognises in the

dead and wounded foe a being similar to himself, actuated by kindred hopes and ambitions and driven to destruction by the same necessities.

There is no hate in the trenches, save when the enemy's interpretation of the rules of the game is faulty and he commits crimes and offences for which war has no excuse. Even so, French and English understand that the German is less his own master than they are, and must often be called by his superior officers, fed upon "frightfulness," to do things unspeakable.

But from the pulpit another story emerges, and if Christian Germany permits her pastors more childish explosions of public hate than can be heard here, we, despite our more reserved temperament and restrained culture, commit errors as transparently foolish. Our pulpit criticism is no subtler. We loudly proclaim the Christianity of Germany to be a spurious article, and declare that the Fatherland is inhabited by atheists and savages who have forgotten God. The pulpit fulminations of Germany and our own lie on the same lowly intellectual plane; both spring from an identical spirit of blind antagonism without imagination; each takes its standpoint in the assumption that the enemy has thrown over the religion of Christ, with every sacred precept and injunction therein contained and enjoined. If both are right, there is no Christianity left in Christendom; but for each to claim the Light at the expense of the other is grotesque. Both stultify Christianity; the attitude of both displays a deliberate apostasy of the princes of the Church on either side.

For a live Christianity should always be too proud to fight save for its Founder. Those ministers and priests in both countries who had, above all things, the welfare of their religion at heart, who recognised in it a sacred treasure committed to their charge, must, if independent of temporal considerations, have thundered, not against an enemy nation, but against the infamy for which all who professed and called themselves Christians were responsible. Not for them to take sides, palter with politics, or pretend the enemy less Christian than themselves. Their part was to join hands for their Saviour and, in His Name and no other, protest before humanity at this outrage on the sacred

professions of the fighting millions. Live Christianity had done that, and a living Church might have gone far in the name of righteousness to limit the war and lessen its evils, if powerless to win a complete victory for the Prince of Peace. But no such attempt was made; Christianity is found as backward in international ideals as Socialism itself. She lacks the universal spirit claimed for her, and proves less competent than Freemasonry to wake a common enthusiasm or summon mankind to the banners of a common cause. The understanding of the trenches is higher, more gracious, more humanist, and more acute than the comprehension of the pulpit. Those whose business it is to slay each other do not curse each other; those who should seek to link the nations with a golden chain of shared faith and understanding, tell each other that they are atheists and henceforth beyond the pale of man's recognition or God's forgiveness.

Two great opposite theories underlie practical politics to-day, and while our ideal tends towards democracy, freedom of thought and action, liberty of conscience and respect for the weak, Germany, long ruled and trained by her archaic war-caste, disavows these aspects of government, conceives of herself as God's vicegerent in the comity of nations, and believes herself a supreme and chosen people, unto whom the earth and the fulness thereof is destined as a divine reward for her own virtues.

The Allied theory has grounds in ethics and philosophy, but that of the Fatherland is frankly based on religion.

To call Germany atheist is grossly to libel her, for abounding faith in God lies at the roots of her polity, and from the Kaiser through all ranks of society there obtains most active profession and practice of religious observations.

As to the question of this gulf between the soul of trench and pulpit, the reason seems direct enough. The man in the trench is free, the man in the pulpit bound hand and foot. While religion continues to be a creature of the State, and ethics and philosophy are unfettered and innocent of any such union; while fighting men may think and feel what they like about the foe, but preaching men only say what their masters would approve, it follows that the true opinion and aspiration of humanity shall be sought from the soldier rather than the priest.

There is nothing to choose between the Churches of the belligerents. Given the temperamental differences, the results are practically identical. Both Churches lie under the heel of the State, and while to our Established Church belongs a larger liberty than the German Lutherans can boast, the difference is only of degree. Neither tells the truth of its faith before this war, nor scourges its own nation for such complete unfaithfulness to Christian precept. Neither even dares to criticise its nation's conduct of war, or to protest in the name of Christ against the thousand and one hideous and reactionary measures the war has demanded from all sides. Rome was similarly dumb before Austria's devilries in Serbia, since Austria is vital to the Vatican. Not a Church on earth can afford to speak the truth that it professes.

From which concatenation one supposes that those who still desire to see the Christian religion a quick institution, would pray for it that it may yet find means to become master in its own house, and, cleansed of this noxious conjunction with temporal power, stand forth in the eyes of all men and show the world whether or no it can stand alone.

If the war disestablishes the Church of England and thus shows its real strength or weakness, one measure of valuable ethical progress at least may be recorded; for until such divorce we are unable to judge the validity of its claims or the vitality of its organism. We only recognise that through the war it has spoken with contradictory voices, uttered a bewildering flood of fatuity—futile on any scale of values, but doubly impotent contrasted with the speech of mankind at the front. The war has rent the veil of the Temple in twain and revealed nothing of the least consequence behind it. That could not be otherwise while the Temple remained a side chapel to Parliament and its ministers lay under the dominion of those who neither respected their achievements nor acknowledged their supernatural authority. Let the Church of England free herself if she would endure; and so win liberty of conscience to pursue her own spiritual ideals unfettered and utter her true inspirations without fear. Then at least she will preach and teach as honestly, if not as worthily, as the man in the trenches, and perhaps recover a measure of that respect and attention reserved to-day for him.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

As Drury Lane has a historical claim to be considered our national stage, there is a kind of symbolical significance in Sir Thomas Beecham's removal thither from his Aldwych retreat. His organisation for giving opera in English is, in fact, assuming the dignity and proportions of a national institution. The question whether the time is not at hand for the still more decisive step from opera in English to English opera is, of course, one for him to decide in conjunction with his business advisers. From an outsider's point of view, he would seem to be in some danger of letting the psychological moment go by. It is true that the risk of plunging is very great under present conditions, and no one could reproach him were he to hesitate. But the distinction to be achieved is all the greater. When this war is over there is going to be a spurt of great activity in all national undertakings. At present Sir Thomas Beecham stands alone. The end of the war may bring competitors, and he runs the risk of being forestalled. On the other hand, he is certainly taking the necessary steps for meeting competition. It is not only the giving of opera in English at Drury Lane that gives his organisation its national character. It is not limited to the metropolis or to opera. It is powerful in all the big provincial centres. It permeates all the leading orchestral institutions, and offers careers to all rising vocal and orchestral talents. It is not far short of doing all that the subsidised organisations can do in countries more fortunate than our own.

From the point of view of those who concern themselves mainly with the future of music in this country, the most important feature is Sir Thomas's knack of surrounding himself with brilliant young men who are likely to have a hand in moulding that future. His musical staff includes many such behind and before the footlights. One of his

conductors is Mr. Eugene Goossens, junior, who is at the same time one of the most promising of our composers—so promising that Sir Thomas has earned our gratitude by keeping him very busy with the baton, and thus preserving him from the danger that besets so many men of his stamp, that of overwriting themselves to the point where facility becomes habit. His first important work dates from five years ago, and it is only since the outbreak of war that he has become known to the public, in the first instance by two Trios performed at the Steinway Hall, one for flute, violin, and harp, and the other for flute, 'cello, and piano. His compositions now run to eighteen opus numbers, including "Two Persian Idylls," which are not yet published, and a set of piano pieces at present incomplete. Among those available in print are, besides the two Trios mentioned above, a Concert Study for piano, a Phantasy and Two Sketches for string quartet, a Rhapsody for 'cello and piano, and "Deux Proses Lyriques" for voice and piano. The Two Sketches are now firmly established in the modern repertoire of the string quartet, and perhaps his best-known composition. His music, especially the last three or four works, is of intense interest to the critic, for he presents the most striking example of a composer in whom the welter of cross-currents that followed upon the decay of the German idiom has produced an outlook more truly international than has been common in Europe since the days of Mozart. After the era of French, Russian, British, and other composers, who were national in order not to be German, there was bound to come a time when a composer could with safety allow himself to be merely European, and I look upon Goossens, who has learned all that modern music can teach him, as a very significant example of the European composer of the future. That will, however, not hinder him from doing service to English music, which must eventually follow the same path after it has purged itself of the delusion that all good music must have something of "Die Loreley" about it.

Another composer, this time outside the Beecham orbit, who has come into his kingdom since the last instalment of these notes is Mr. John Ireland, whose story is, however, a very different one. So far from his ever being endangered by his own facility, he has evolved slowly and, to

judge by internal evidence in his compositions themselves, with considerable heart-searching. One might even say that only in his last three works—the second violin Sonata, the Rhapsody for piano, and his new Trio—has he really succeeded in finding himself. In all the earlier works one feels a curious kind of duality—as it were, an antithesis between emotions which an Englishman is often tempted to express in trite phrases, and an intelligence in rebellion against the phrases, demanding more truth. Even the three brilliant works that have brought him to a position for which he was amply equipped ten years ago still contain traces of this duality, but it takes a heartless vivisector like myself to find them, and his sincerity is such that I prefer not to let myself be aware of them. In fact, I should say that the absolute sincerity of John Ireland's music is the quality from which it derives the greater part of its value. Precisely because it has not been easy for him to acquire the art of self-expression, the emotions he now expresses in his music have, besides their maturity, a convincing air of honesty about them that enhances their appeal in these days when tawdriness is so often regarded as brilliant. These were the thoughts that came to me in listening to a concert of his compositions given this month, the programme of which contained, as if for purposes of comparison, portions of his first violin Sonata written some ten years ago. All these works are either published or in the press, so that he who plays may read for himself what I am trying to put into words.

The same programme contained a couple of war-songs to poems by Eric Cooper, which came very opportunely to supersede the impression I had received the day before from Sir Edward Elgar's settings of Kipling's "Fringes of the Fleet," which were performed under the composer's direction at the Coliseum. In the first place, these poems have none of that quality which is enhanced by music—their merit lies in another direction altogether. Furthermore, their stage setting was bad. Finally, I seemed to hear a faint echo of the humble heroes concerned saying, "Don't make a song about it, guv'nor."

WAR AND RECONSTRUCTION

The Way to Peace

The Maximum Conception

By 001

Not only the Allied world, but a great number of men and women in enemy countries are never free from anxious and tragic speculation as to the thoughts which now direct the minds of Monsieur Ribot, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George.

It is clear that if these three men, who not only represent, but inspire and carry with them, a vast and overwhelming majority of their countrymen, could now arrive at a definite, detailed, and final agreement as to the objective of the war and the methods to be pursued in conducting it, their complete unity of purpose would hasten the end, and produce in the hearts and minds of our adversaries such a sense of inevitability of ultimate failure as to strike at the roots of enterprise within them.

As an army places its faith in its commander-in-chief, a nation in time of war gives an unmeasured and unqualified support to its leader. An unchallengable and indisputable unity in Allied thought and action is now so obviously an urgent and imperative necessity that any delay on the part of the Allied leaders in securing instantly in their favour the immense force and influence which a joint declaration of their objective and methods would at once confer, seems inexplicable.

Daily and, if necessary, hourly telegraphic conversations should now take place between these three men, in whose hands Fate has placed the destinies of untold numbers, and in the name of the cause which they hold sacred, and for the sake of a world in agony, they must

break through all the barriers imposed by precedent and all that has gone before, and make a declaration to the world upon which they will stand or fall. When this be done, and every hour's delay will be measured unquestionably in the terms of DEATH AND PAIN, the resources of the Allies must be mobilised by the guiding intelligence of a maximum conception. In war, *the maximum conception leads to minimum loss.* If the German Government is not disposed to yield to a solemn declaration of Allied purpose, men, minds, money, and materials must be flung into the scale, and the Allies must be prepared, if necessary, to go out of business until the cause is won.

The United States, without reducing the practical measure of their support in men, could give us two thousand millions sterling, and thus enable us to concentrate entirely upon war. We, the nation of shopkeepers, will then put up the shutters until peace is signed.

Prussian militarism is a spirit, and it has flung an insolent challenge of defiance across the Atlantic. But in America there is a mighty spirit of incomparable daring. Even in their wealth and their capitalism there is a courage and adventure which in some subtle sense reconciles labour and gives to Socialism a sickly flavour. The United States is in its very essence the land where the spirit of immense conception dwells. The spirit that has guided them in peace will not forsake them in the time of war. There will be an added fury and impetus behind it, so that every minute of the day shall carry to Berlin a message of impending doom. The maximum conception is no stranger to America. It will animate and direct them now.

The force of the American spirit and its glory reside in the fact that they are seeking no material gain, and if Russia or any other part of the world thinks that we in England are fighting not in the cause of the liberties of peoples but for Imperial aggrandisement, let it be at once said that the German colonies which we have conquered shall be handed over in pledge to the United States as the custodians of the civilisation of the world.

The British Empire must be ready to respond, ready to think alike, ready to work as a component part in one great Allied engine of will-power.

In order to give a matchless force to the definition of

the Allied war purpose, the English Government must show clearly to the world that they are prepared to apply to themselves the principle for which we are fighting. Its application is Ireland.

The Government must place an interpretation upon the principle of self-government as, in their judgment, it applies to Ireland. They will say that government by majorities cannot be held to mean at all times and in all circumstances a submission to an arithmetical formula. They will say that humanity does impose exceptions to this rule. They will say that Ulster, with its differentials of temperament, outlook, religion, and activity, presents a distinction which is the clear equivalent of a racial distinction. They will say that Ulster, therefore, is entitled to its own self-government, or to be treated as an English county. They will say that Nationalist Ireland is entitled to self-government, and that if three-fourths of the adult population of Nationalist Ireland seeks to separate itself from the British Empire, that their demand shall be granted. Only in this way can we give a moral sanction to the principle of self-government for which we claim to be struggling.

A grave duty must be discharged by the English Government—the duty to make abundantly clear to every Irish voter what the inevitable consequence must be if complete political separation is, in fact, the desire of the great majority of the people of Nationalist Ireland. They must be reminded that the general intentions of the English Government in regard to its future fiscal policy have been very recently affirmed, and that that policy embraces:

(i) Encouragement of Empire trading.
(ii) Encouragement of trade with our Allies.
(iii) Encouragement of trade with the rest of the world.

If Nationalist Ireland goes into Class (iii) of her own free will and volition—and this is her unquestionable right—there can be no conceivable doubt as to the consequences that must follow. The question is one for Nationalist Ireland to settle. Is it seriously put forward as a practical question?

The economic partnership between Ireland and England rests upon a true and fundamental basis, the basis

of an interchange of commodities between agricultural and manufacturing communities living in close contiguity.

The analogy between Ireland and our self-governing Colonies is a false one. Ireland is not economically independent. Our self-governing Colonies are. If Ireland seeks to terminate this basic partnership between agricultural and manufacturing interests, she will do so at her own peril. There is no question of intimidation here. Ireland cannot at one and the same time lie within and without the orbit of our IMPERIAL FISCAL SYSTEM. The supreme significance of the present hour is that Nationalist Ireland shall be given her choice, and if the Convention which is now about to meet gives to the world the smallest suspicion that this choice is being withheld, our loss in world force will greatly exceed all that will have been gained.

Now, let it be granted that the Allied war policy is conceived in maximum terms. How can we proceed to put our own house in order? There is much to be done, and our failures are paid for upon the stricken field of battle.

The War Cabinet needs immediate reinforcement by a Headquarters Thinking Staff of ten or twenty men, some of the finest brains in the country, who will have nothing whatever to do but to make a continuous and uninterrupted effort to see things as they are, to fix the perspective of the whole war. They will be told everything. They will be entitled to ask anything. They will have time to think. They will encourage the heads of all Government Departments to anticipate difficulties. They will constantly sum up the meaning of it all. The Admiralty will explain to them the unknown quantity in the submarine menace. They will wrestle with it. They will seek by advice and counsel to co-ordinate the minds of all the heads of Government Departments, and to sharpen the spear of Government. They will get into the mind of the Treasury, and see how far we are anticipating the financial difficulties which may present themselves as the war continues. If they are not entirely satisfied as to the precautions being taken in this regard, they will urge the Prime Minister to at once summon into being a powerful Council of some of our ablest bankers, engaged in positions of high executive responsibility, providing for a representation upon that Council

of all the banking interests in the country. When you are spending eight millions a day, there is little time to hesitate in such a very elementary matter.

The necessity of home agriculture in relation to the submarine menace would come up for constant probing, and the War Office would commence to take the Government perspective, and not their own office perspective. The War Office would no longer have occasion to split hairs with the Government if it were engaged upon war upon the scale of a maximum conception. This would mean music in their ears. May it help them to develop a quality of thinking that has not yet been reached.

The Inventions Board would constantly report their progress to this Headquarters Thinking Staff, and if the results, the only final test of efficiency in war, were inadequate, they would at once proceed to make recommendations for the reorganisation of our system of dealing with inventions. It might well be that they would suggest that there should be three Inventions Boards, all equal in authority, acting independently of each other in a spirit of the keenest rivalry. Inventions could be placed rapidly into one of four classes :—

(*a*) For immediate and instant development.
(*b*) For immediate consideration.
(*c*) For further consideration.
(*d*) Rejection.

Any inventor having been rejected, or not having been put in Class (*a*), could be given the right to have his invention considered by the second Board, and failing success there the third Board could give the matter immediate consideration. These three Boards, working against each other, would scarcely be likely to reject any suggestion of intrinsic value or unduly to postpone dealing with it. It is notorious that under the existing organisations this is constantly taking place.

The Food Controller's Department, so deeply concerned with the feeding of the poorer people, would be in constant touch with this Headquarters Thinking Staff, because the problems here are of very exceptional difficulty. Many of them will disappear if the United States and her Allies decide from to-morrow to enter upon the war

dominated by the spirit of *maximum conception*. The United States and her Allies can fix producers' selling prices, can determine intermediate profits, can insist upon rationing, and daylight will then begin to dawn. It is axiomatic that the fixing of reasonably low prices must be accompanied by rationing, as otherwise the lower level of price will stimulate consumption, prevent the creation of reserves, and ultimately defeat its own ends. The Labour Party would be invited to give great help here. It is unfortunately true that many of the Labour Party leaders who now hold Government appointments appear to have lost the confidence of their supporters, but a group of labour leaders, holding no Government office, elected *ad hoc* and acting voluntarily, could be deputed to issue weekly a certificate of the prices of the first necessities of the poor. This would show the purchasing power of their wages, and it would be a certificate of the barometer reading for the week. To think that there is anything to be gained by secrecy in these matters is undiluted folly. Under the Defence of the Realm Act, the Government could issue an order that no paper should be published in the United Kingdom which did not contain in a prominent form this weekly certificate, as and when issued. This Labour Party Committee could add to their certificate an expression of opinion as to whether profiteering had entered into any of the prices they had examined. If it were found that the immense sums of money now being obtained by the Excess Profits Tax were in any appreciable sense traceable to the prices being paid by the poor for the first necessities of life, an adjustment would appear to be immediately necessary. The Labour Party organisations throughout the country could voluntarily give most useful help in all these matters by advising as to the facts and circumstances in their particular locality. In dealing with difficulties, it is always wise to act immediately upon any simple system if that system covers 70 per cent. to 80 per cent. of the whole difficulty and as it is clear that rationing through shops without tickets but using the shopkeepers as Government agents when they are disposing of first necessities, is practicable, this could be done at once.

In the matter of publicity, the Press Bureau would also keep in constant touch with the Headquarters Thinking

Staff, and here the Prime Minister would be likely to receive some valuable advice. An order could be issued, certainly in this country, and the example would probably be followed in all the Allied countries, making it illegal for any issue of any paper to be made which did not contain in prominent form the Allies' declaration of war purpose.

Do not let us deceive ourselves. If the uncertainty of to-day gives place to the settled and unalterable conviction of to-morrow, we shall have made a rapid advance upon the road to peace. The accumulated force, and the increasing force, of this reiterated declaration appearing in every edition of every paper published in the Allied world, would produce an automatic result. Automatic results are the good harvest of broad conception, sound construction, and fixity of purpose.

Moving upon the lines of maximum conception, Monsieur Ribot, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George could now direct such a mobilisation of force in men and materials as will make puny by comparison all that has hitherto been done. The manufacture of guns and aeroplanes can proceed in a manner hitherto undreamt of, and improved system of administration can be improvised so as largely to exclude all the deadening effects of inefficiency and vested interest, protected by an armoured belt of red tape, of which recurring evidence is provided.

All this can be done if men will think in terms of Death and Pain, which are the direct result of anything in quantity or quality which is below the level of maximum effort.

There must be a new declaration of war against the spirit of Prussian militarism, and a detailed definition of our war-aims must slur nothing, cover up nothing, conceal nothing. Risks must be taken. Even if thereby difficulties are created, they must be faced. The resulting unity will constitute a matchless force. This is the master key. Now how can you go to war upon the scale of a maximum conception if your *objective is in dispute?* Adversaries are always fighting for their skins. That is a commonplace. But half the world professes to be now engaged in destroying and crushing out the spirit which informs and animates Prussian militarism. During the last forty years that spirit

has imposed itself upon Alsace and Lorraine. German militarism was born there. It will only die there. Are you going to leave it there, to mock and taunt you when the war has become a memory, and the blind and the maimed of gallant France and of her Allies spend the rest of their lives in a hideous nightmare, realising that it was all for nothing? Is this the way an Allied world fighting for sacred principles spells the word Justice?

As it is imperative that the English Government should at once announce its interpretation of the principle of self-government in its application to Ireland, so also must the Allied Powers announce their intention in relation to Alsace and Lorraine.

The world is now looking straight into the eyes of Monsieur Ribot, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George, and it says:

"You are not acting as representatives of your respective countries. A more exalted function is yours. You represent the civilisation of the white world. You must judge. In every syllable of your judgment you must give articulate expression to the conscience of mankind, from which justice springs. If you want help, let the universities of the United States, France, and England lend you their aid. But out of your compassion for the mothers of men, you will not delay.

"In this solemn hour, as, in your imagination, through the mists of your tears, you watch the fine flower of the world's young manhood being lowered into a premature grave, as you watch Mother Earth press the poor, cold, withered petals to her bosom in the convulsive agony of her sacrifice, and as you watch the heavenly dews descending to bless, to purify, and to uplift, you will fling from your minds all *thoughts of expediency and diplomacy*. You will not allow such thoughts to defile the temple of Justice. *In the name of Justice, and in her name alone, you will deliver your judgment*, and as the measured accents of that judgment travel along the corridors of Time, no sound of discord shall be heard. The voice of Justice shall ring true."

To sum up, the position is as clear as noonday. There must be no wavering. There is not occasion for doubt. Monsieur Ribot, President Wilson, and Mr. Lloyd George

must announce to the world their joint declaration of the ALLIED WAR PURPOSE.

If the Imperial German Government, with this solemn declaration before their eyes, determine to continue the fight, there must not be a moment's hesitation. The Allied Powers must at once decide to go to war, guided by the spirit of maximum conception. The incomparable daring of America will inspire and lead. Only in this way can you hope to impose your will upon the enemy and hasten the termination of the struggle. Fail to do this, and your failure, with its tragic consequences, will carry with it the curses of the human race.

. . . . . .

It was the evening hour of relaxation, and the sound of a concertina mingled with the jingling words of a soldier's song, "Sur l'Yser pendant la Guerre." And there was a little French Territorial, over forty, married, and with three children, and he kept a little hotel near Boulogne. He had had months of the trenches, two days in and three days out, and the red wine pushed an epigram through his lips, an epigram which is now upon the lips of the world. He said:

"I don't mind being alive. And I don't mind being dead. But I don't want any more of this."

The New Elements of Sea-Power

By "Quidnunc"

THE key to our attitude towards the under-surface weapon or submarine goes back to the now historic pronouncement of Admiral Sir Percy Scott in *The Times* of June, 1914, wherein he accurately foreshadowed the position we find ourselves in to-day. In that statement he maintained that submarines had "revolutionised naval warfare," virtually "driving the battleship from the sea"; and further that in a war the enemy submarines "will come over and destroy anything and everything that they can get at." What happened?

He was snubbed and denounced largely by his own colleagues in the Service. In a *précis* answering the many objections raised, Admiral Scott replied briefly (July 10th, 1914) thus with regard to submarine warfare on commerce: "All war is barbarous, but in war the purpose of the enemy is to crush his foe; to arrive at this he will attack where his foe is most vulnerable. Our most vulnerable point is our food and oil supply. Will feelings of humanity restrain our enemy from using" the new method?

As we now know, Sir Percy Scott was right and the official attitude was wrong.* To-day it is generally realised that such has been our weakness since the war started. We have never got away from the battleship or surface idea, and perhaps the greatest surprise of the war has been the negative or defensive activity of the Fleets, contrary to 99 per cent. of the world's anticipations whether lay or professional. The position is the paradox that the two most powerful Navies in the world are "not at sea" in

* In *The New Republic* of May 12th, a paper reputed to be in personal touch with Mr. Wilson, it was frankly admitted that "any nation, including the United States, which was being blockaded by a superior fleet and was in danger of being crushed" would use the submarine.

war, though the whole training of those Navies consisted in preparation for action at sea—in a word, Admiral Scott's prognostications have proved correct, even as regards naval scouting. He wrote: "It *was* the seaman's business to find the enemy; now it is the airman's business. The seaman's difficulty will be to destroy the submarine."

A year ago Lord Selborne announced officially that "we had the submarines in hand," from which hour we regarded the under-surface weapon as negligible. But that was not the case. The decrease in German submarine activity from the spring of last year to the late summer was due to fear of American intervention; its incidence increased rapidly from the hour that Germany decided to brave America and embark on ruthless submarine warfare; and then, but not till then, did we begin again seriously to consider the question. In fact, we made the same mistake about submarines as we did about the war generally in 1914 and 1915, when we counted chiefly on the "steam-roller" and the latent forces of war such as starvation and the financial and moral collapse of the enemy.

Now what we, as an island people, are to-day faced with is the introduction of a new element, or rather two new elements, in naval warfare, and so a totally new condition which must modify, if not radically alter, the whole conception of sea-power and the methods and weapons which govern it. The new military factor is the relative unsuitability of the capital surface ship in view of the under-surface boat now carrying a 5·7 inch gun and a periscope which no longer protrudes above the water like the mast of a sunken ship. In addition, we have the mine and the new vehicles of under-water mine-laying; also the air, in which the possibilities seem even greater. As we have seen, the results are the partial paralysis of the fighting fleets both on our side and on that of the enemy; to the world's great surprise, the mosquito craft is the instrument and hero of naval war, the antidote to under-surface activity and the protector of commerce. Moreover, we have this strange condition, that even if the British and German fighting fleets were numerically equal there would still be no *necessity* for a battle, for the simple reason that Germany would be practically, if not actually, just as blockaded if victorious as she is to-day, and, in the event of our

victory, our commerce would be just as jeopardised from under-water craft as it is at this moment, with our Grand Fleet victoriously waiting for an opportunity which in nearly three years of war has not presented itself, and in existing conditions is hardly likely to present itself, seeing that the "freedom of the seas" is no longer conditioned by surface ships, and consequently no longer *demands* a surface decision. In short, nothing but desperation or folly can tempt the German Fleet to stand and give battle to ours; and, that being so, our Grand Fleet is inversely doomed to inactivity.

The question therefore is whether the development of the submarine is not rendering obsolescent the big ship and even the idea of surface ships as the paramount fighting weapon. Let us test this and assume that the whole German High Seas Fleet has been sunk in a naval battle. Should we be nearer to our aim—the destruction of submarines and their bases, since that it is which matters to-day? No, for big ships cannot fight land guns, and the danger of being at sea would be as real as before; nor would the loss of the German Navy to-day stop the submarine warfare on commerce, proof of which lies in the paralysis of the German Navy to-day.

Consider the matter inversely. Let us suppose that our Grand Fleet has been sunk. Could the Germans land? Certainly not, so long as we possessed good shore guns. Could the German ships patrol the seas with impunity and hold up our shipping? Not if *our* submarines had the good target, for the Germans would find themselves in precisely the same difficulty as we do, and their surface ships would go down by the dozens, their sea-borne trade would suffer precisely as ours has suffered. And this paradox leads to the question whether it would matter *nationally* if our super-Dreadnought Fleet was lost, for certainly it would no longer constitute a decision in sea-power, provided we had (which we may assume) good secondary ships, submarines, and shore guns; and this is fairly obvious when we consider the destruction we would inflict on German commercial shipping if in such circumstances it attempted to appear on the seas, through the Channel or *viâ* the north. The submarine is still blind, but it has blinded the surface boat, commercial and naval, and the likelihood is that, as

the technical range, power, speed, and invisibility of the submarine develops, *as it is bound to develop*, the seas will constitute a sort of No Man's Land in war, the fighting in the future being carried on in the element above and in the element below the surface—which is the condition to which we are partly trending to-day.

Of course, I refer to the capital ship only, which to-day, we can see, is not the first-line defence of our commerce either theoretically or practically, though it still is the protection negatively so far as the enemy capital ships are concerned. Without a British super-Dreadnought in being, it may be questioned whether the German Navy could venture out much beyond home cruises; as for German commercial shipping, it would soon find the risk out of all proportion to the gain, and surface warfare would constitute itself into a struggle between cruisers, light craft, torpedo-destroyers, and under-surface boats as at present, with all the advantages in the absence of German coaling stations, against Germany in the extremely disadvantageous geographical position in which she is situated, for all the ir-

radiating inner lines would be ours. Another proof lies in the fact that we can only hit Germany in the Baltic through sub-surface boats, as is the case with her in the Mediterranean. Risking a generalisation, we may submit that the naval battle has become an anachronism, because the battleship is no longer the decisive factor in sea war now conducted and conditioned by activity in three elements.

Now if the German and British Fleets were both sunk, neither side would be nearer to its goal; in other words, the capital surface ship is no longer the decisive military or the protecting commercial arm which hitherto has been the justification of the battleship. Without a single surface ship left, the Germans with their submarines could still continue to sink our ships precisely as at present. Thus we have the negative nature of surface sea war, for surface supremacy is no longer a positive condition. We find the basic conditions of sea-power revolutionised. Now if the conditions of sea fighting are altered, so must the methods be altered, and all ideas and principles which governed surface sea war both as regards strategy and construction. Assuredly the new element has come to stay. If it can acquire an eye, all surface boats become obsolete. It has

not got that yet, but it probably will some day. One thousand fast sub-surface boats with sight would eliminate the big ship as a fighting value. All the indices point to sea-power as in the future conditioned by three elements in the place of the single-surface one.

That is a vital problem to us as an Island Empire. The Blockader, for one thing, becomes the Blockaded, thus leading to anarchy on the seas and warfare against all neutral bottoms, and in the meanwhile the belligerent capital ships virtually take no part in war at all.

In the air, the possibilities seem to be greater than under the surface. Thus, if the tendency for surface ships is towards the submersible or natural development of the mosquito submarine into the cruiser type, the air promises to be the antidote for that evolution not only as regards scouting and "spotting," but in the direction of the flying-boat and ancillary aircraft as the protector of commerce. And probably the time is not far distant when ships will be flying-diving instruments, at least rendering a surface Blockade, to any Power adequately prepared, a nugatory imposition both as regards Law and War.

Already one supreme lesson emerges from the new element of sea-power. It is that we can never again afford to grow less food than we consume; in plain language we shall henceforth be forced to become an agricultural State, no doubt considerably at the expense of industrial production. That is a certainty, even in the event of a Channel Tunnel, which quite possibly could be flooded by an enemy. We can never again rely on food imports. We shall have to go back to the land, even as the seaman may have to shift his mind from the quarterdeck of the float and become a cormorant.

The Education Question (iii)

By the Master of Balliol

Natural Science in Education

If there is one lesson more than another which the war is going to teach us, it will be the lesson as to the future place of Natural Science in our education. It is true that there are still military authorities coming forward to say that we do not want science in the education of officers. But the military authorities have exhausted their power of surprising us; and, after all, there are beginning to be heard even in military circles some rational voices. Science is coming to be recognised as part of the necessary equipment for modern life. The world is more and more coming to turn on exact knowledge, and science is simply exact knowledge applied to concrete things. As Bacon said, we can only command Nature by obeying her laws. These laws are the rules of the universe in which we live. A training in science means not only the apprehension of one or other branches of these rules, but an attitude of mind which believes there are such rules and which faces new facts in this light. No subject gives just this kind of training so well as science gives it; no other subject punishes so immediately any lack in intellectual truthfulness. It is, of course, a truism to say that every subject can be taught scientifically, but no other subject rests so absolutely on the one sole method of cogent proof, the experimental method. This is how one experiment in chemistry is conclusive for all identical cases; if water can once be analysed into oxygen and hydrogen and these once re-combined into water, the one analysis and one synthesis are cogent and final. Thus when a Cabinet Minister suggests that it was no use stopping the import of cotton for explosives because wool could be substituted for cotton, he simply labels himself as ignorant of the very meaning of scientific evidence; nor is the case bettered when a colleague pleads that he did not know that glycerine could be got from lard, or that all and any steel was not equally good for bullet-proof helmets. It is not mere

ignorance but that deeper ignorance which does not know when it is ignorant—what Plato calls "the lie in the soul." The first educational result of science is to create a sense of what science is, what the laws of the universe mean, and how powerless against them is even the best Parliamentary debating. A second educational value of science is the new meaning and interest it gives to everything about us, from the processes of industry to the aspects of Nature in a country walk. Under the guidance of a chemist and physicist, the working of a cotton mill or of an electrical furnace becomes fascinating; in the company of a geologist or a biologist, a landscape or a field becomes a revelation. We realise the complexity of things and the mystery of life; the problems of health in the individual or in the social organism challenge us. We can never again feel irresponsible for our own bodies, or for the well-being of children; or be callous to all that is implied in the death of 100,000 infants in their first year, or the toll of life taken by preventible diseases. I have seen an audience of New York business men attending spellbound to the drama of sleeping sickness, the struggle between the phagocytes and the invading microbes, as depicted in a series of moving pictures on the cinema film.

Then there is the further and deeper influence which can only be justly expressed by the term spiritual; that effect of mingled awe and exultation which is produced when science opens out to us some profound vista of the universe, such as when we first look through a big telescope and Saturn amid his rings swims into our sight, or when first we look through the spectroscope with some dawning sense of what message from infinite space those bright colours and dark lines are sending to us, or the view the microscope affords of the tumult of hurrying life in the blood corpuscles of a living creature. The bare demonstration of the activity of radium, the sight of that streaming rush of particles with its revelation of the infinite sub-division of matter and its suggestion of a whole new horizon of physical research, a stupendous new field of science, may be so made as to awaken as by an electric shock the faculties of wonder and reverence. It is in such moments of insight that the minds of the young, their very

souls, make an upward leap, and such moments can be produced in every mind, however technically unequipped.

Then there is another aspect of science in education that will be admitted by everyone, and that is the treatment of some great discovery on its biographical side, utilising the life-story of great men such as Dalton, Davy, Faraday. The work of Pasteur of itself falls into a dramatic form of surpassing interest, and that, too, an intensely human interest. Or the whole of the successive discoveries on which modern electric theory is built may be themselves shown in a narrative form which has all the attraction of following up a problem from its simplest to its advanced stage, while attaching to each step the human personality of its discoverer, and showing the unity and continuity of the effort of mankind, the debt of the present to the past.

All these methods imply good teachers. But already there are such teachers working on such methods with notable success; and the rank and file of teachers have only to adopt them. This fact answers the difficulty about time, and the overloading of the curriculum. In the hands of a good teacher each one of these educational effects of science may be set going in a very brief time. It does not take much time to see an electric furnace tapped or to hear dynamite exploded, but the mental effect is as vivid as it is instantaneous, and can be made ineffaceable by being explained; following up the fact with the how and the why. It is the new mental attitude created that is the all-important thing. Indeed, if it were not so, the demands of some of the scientific reformers would be absurd, as when they propose to add to the ordinary curriculum "a knowledge of the ascertained facts and principles of mechanics, chemistry, physics, biology, geography, and geology." As a matter of fact, such knowledge in a sufficient outline can by proper methods of teaching be got into the ordinary school course of ordinary boys and girls in four years of a methodical programme, say from thirteen years to seventeen. In the judgment of well-known practical teachers such a programme could be carried out in a four years' allowance of four hours a week. If this means some lightening of the present overloaded curriculum, so much the better; for the best classical teachers are agreed that there has been a great deal of undue specialisation and

wasted drill in grammar and composition. There is certainly something the matter when Homer or Virgil are made loathsome memories to boys, just as there was in an old edition of Shakespeare which reduced even *Macbeth* and the *Tempest* to pedantic sawdust. Preparation for such a programme can be begun even earlier than thirteen in the primary schools by the various forms of "nature study," which children love and which suit so well their instincts of curiosity, of outdoor activity, and the keeping of "pets" and collections. In this stage, too, can be trained and developed what is somewhat grandiosely called the "heuristic" method, the method of self-teaching by successive trials and failures, the method which appends to every piece of theory its appropriate result. "Practical work" is nowadays recognised as essential. As human intercourse has to be carried on by speech and writing, these must be part of the training from the first. On the other hand, "there exists a certain body of scientific knowledge or ideas with which a man or woman must be to some extent familiar, if he or she is to be regarded as educated." There are some elementary facts so closely bound up with our daily life that all must know them. There are some ideas such as the conservation of energy which are the very foundation of the material world, and which by concrete examples can be made familiar from even early years. There are also methods by which the quantitative basis of things and the conception of cause and effect can be made clear. All this can be done by selection from the great feast which lies before us for choice. Thus in chemistry, instead of trying to cover all the elements, a study may be made (say) of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen. In physics, a study of some characteristic solids, liquids, and gases. In botany, the seed, the leaf, the root of particular plants. All this in the first year. In the second year the pupil can be introduced to the subjects of heat, electricity, zoology. In the third year, organic chemistry, physiology, advanced botany. Who will say that each of these subjects is not educational, and cannot each of them be made profoundly interesting in the hands of a good teacher? This would do much to cure what is one of the great defects in English training, namely, the lack of respect for knowledge as such; a defect responsible for our English contempt of "experts," our impatience of "theory," and

ignorant contrast of it with "practice," and our resultant habit of expecting to "muddle through somehow," a habit which this war should surely do something to cure when we count up the lives it has cost us. Nor can any educationist fail to be conscious of the unduly bookish character of our education, which requires to be balanced by much more direct contact with material things and the use of observation and imagination as against reading and memorising. This memory work and the absence of independent effort by the pupil, along with the mechanical methods of the teaching, were what vitiated the former attempts to introduce science into the schools. All boys are full of natural curiosity; they all want to know how the machine works, what made the explosion, why two liquids turn into a solid, and so on. To kill this healthy appetite requires quite a long course of feeding on husks; but this has too often been the course adopted on the "science side" in Public Schools. Among these there were some where the science was allotted one hour a week, with no practical work; many where the science work did not count towards determining the order in the class; others where on the whole "modern side" there was no science work at all. All promising boys were earmarked as classical specialists; what wonder when there were in a recent year at Oxford 103 scholarships given for classics, and only 27 for all the branches of natural science? The Universities would say, What is the good of offering more scholarships for science, when it is badly taught at the schools, and when trained graduates in science find no posts open to them in England, and have to go to America and the Colonies? It is all a vicious circle, depending on the ignorance and apathy of public opinion in the matter; an illustration of which is the fact that in one great University half the "pass" students in the Faculty of Arts omit mathematics and science altogether. We may perhaps lay down that we ought to add some science to the existing language, literature, and mathematics required in every university entrance examination. This would be equivalent to saying that an educated man must have had some linguistic training, some training of the imagination by the literature or history of his own country, some training in the ideas and methods of science, besides some practical drill in arithmetic and geometry as the universal instru-

ments of exact thinking. None of these need mean "smattering"; that danger can be avoided by the rule, "know a little, but know it well." In fact, good grounding is the very opposite to superficiality and dispersion.

But University entrance examinations will not achieve much; the minimum demanded is apt to be treated as a maximum, and it gives no guarantee that the student will be introduced to those other subjects which are needed as well as science, such as the elements of citizenship, the recent history of his own country and its political institutions, the economic and social conditions and problems of the time. Moreover, the University students will always be only a fraction of the whole population. What we have to do is (1) to elevate the standard of the teachers, enlarge their outfit, and improve their methods; and (2), above all, to educate the public into a new attitude of what education means, what it must contain, and how it is vital to the community. It all comes back to this, the education of the public on the subject of education; hence the need of a new national appeal; nothing less than a veritable crusade will achieve this, to use aright the new lessons taught us by this war—if we are ever going to be taught by experience—and to use aright the new spirit generated by the war, a spirit of national self-criticism and of determination to enter on a real reconstruction. Putting it on the lowest ground, there is no way to pay for the war but by having a more efficient people; that is, a people more instructed and educated. The whole capital sum required for this would amount to a few days' cost of war. It is little use tinkering, and no use at all to go on the old scale of doling out patchwork reforms. Here lies the chief immediate danger.

Science and the Humanities

In the supposed discordance between Science and the Humanities there have been exhibited some strange examples of the scientific "temper," of scientific "judgment," and even of scientific "accuracy" of statement. But we must not allow ourselves to be repelled into reaction by a few hot-headed champions. Nor must we yield too much to the claim of an inherent opposition between the two types of mind, the scientific and the literary. It is true that real scientific genius, like that of a Newton, a

Faraday, or a Darwin, is as priceless in value as it is rare; but such genius will emerge if we only get rid of our stupid social barriers and get somewhat nearer to the ideal of "an open career for talent." Again, we must not let it all turn on the marks allotted to different subjects in the Civil Service examinations, or the balance between different subjects in University scholarships and entrance examinations. No, what we need is more than that, it is a profound change in the national attitude of mind. We need a general recognition that the Humanities can be made a truly scientific training, and Natural Science be taught in a "humane" way, and that each is as necessary a part of complete education as the other. This reconciliation between the two is the recent tendency in Germany itself; and no one who knows will say we have nothing to learn from German methods. We might as well say we had nothing to learn from German artillery. It is the end to which and the spirit in which those methods have been applied that we feel to be detestable.

Science in Industry

The Germans have boasted of their superior application of science to industry. Men well qualified to judge say this is another piece of German bluster, and that there is more original first-class scientific invention in England, but that, owing partly to their huge syndicated industries and partly to our manufacturers' easy-going or even ignorant ways, the world has taken the Germans at their own valuation. Certainly our manufacturers will have to wake up to the place of science in modern industries, and not "pooh-pooh" an investigation into the constitution of rubber as "academic," or avow that they do not believe in research which does not "produce its results within a year." They will have to combine among themselves to provide research on an ample scale, as has been already agreed upon in the Potteries. The State has also already, through the Committee for Scientific and Industrial Research, given a lead towards the formation of Institutions for Research in the different localities, such institutions to be supported both from State funds and from associations of manufacturers, and to deal with all the chief national industries, glass, pottery, metals, engineering. mining, textiles, rubber,

etc. This excellent scheme requires to be backed up by a system of research scholarships and research fellowships to provide the students, and by statutory powers which will bring all firms into line, so as to enable an advance on the whole front at once. Here again all depends on an instructed and convinced public opinion to provide the money, to authorise the powers, and to create the necessary atmosphere.

Education in Modern Languages

According to Disraeli, the modern Englishman comes nearest among all nationalities to the ancient Greek, for he lives most of his time in the open air and speaks no language but his own. This ignorance of modern languages has certainly been one of the greatest gaps in English education. It is the result of a combination of causes, the insularity of our geographical position, our past history and our unique institutions, the national shyness and self-consciousness backed up by a deep national self-sufficiency, and even arrogance; the ingrained belief that foreigners are at best comic characters who gesticulate, embrace, shed tears, and don't wash. Yet there are Public Schools in which a capable French master, aided by good "Pathéphone" records, has succeeded in making the boys take a pride in acquiring a correct French accent and enjoying a scene from Molière in the exquisite rendering of the Comédie Française. Where this can be backed up by a few weeks' visit to France, the results are marvellously good. Can this experience be extended to the ordinary schools of the people? The answer is, Why not? It is so in other countries such as Germany, and even Egypt, where practically all the scholars learn to speak English quite passably. We know also from Wales and the Highlands how great is the value of a bilingual training; and this is almost effortless in childhood, when the brain is as pliant as the tongue to new words and sounds. To be introduced to the foreign point of view would be invaluable in shaking some of our most bigoted English prejudices. It would make possible that personal intercommunion between ourselves and our Continental neighbours which has hitherto been the monopoly of the well-to-do classes, but which is going to be a common privilege of groups of working-class students after the war, and to act in a quiet but effective

way to build up a basis for international understanding; for the future peace of the world, while it certainly depends on our being ready to fight in its defence, also depends among democratic communities upon the amount of active international sympathy and the appreciation by each people of the other's inherent will for peace. Even as to the Germans, let us be bold enough to face the facts; the whole nation has sold its soul to the Prussians, "the invincible swine" as they called them; they have to be shown that this chosen tribe was very far from being invincible; they have to pay, and to pay heavily, for choosing such material ends and such base means. But when all is said and done, we have to live in a world that will contain in all nearly 100,000,000 Germans, of whom only one-third are strictly Prussians. We cannot afford to neglect German learning and German science, any more than German war-craft or German commerce and industry. All these German things have been overpraised, but we need not therefore refuse to make use of them. That would be a folly, and a folly of which they, on their part, will not be guilty. Therefore after the war we must look to a great increase of international intercourse, including in course of time intercourse with Germans. The French and German languages, and also Italian and Spanish, must become much more familiar subjects of study in England. To effect this, it is not enough to offer modern language scholarships; for these will be won by aliens or by English boys whose parents happened to live abroad. The better way is to make one modern language as requisite a part of every University course as is already one ancient language; but, above all, to introduce it as a spoken language in all the schools. For it is only thus that we can build up a public opinion on the matter; and without such a public opinion the most urgent reforms remain on paper. There has been much improvement of late; educationists, manufacturers, statesmen, have long concurred in the demand: the war has given a great impetus to it. Every year the need becomes greater for a student, whether of science or history, philosophy or theology, to read French or German or Italian, and every such student ought to add oral speech in those languages to his book knowledge of them, and then impress his convictions on those about him, and so help to drive conviction into the single-speech British public.

A British Commonwealth Party

A Beginning

By A. Randall Wells

It would be wasting useful energy to try to persuade the country that nowadays "Liberalism" stands for progress. It is a word to jettison. So much that is undesirable has been labelled with it. It is in an almost forgotten sense that Sir Harry Johnston uses it in an article in the March issue of the English Review, but he explains his meaning when he says "best of all" we need "a great progressive party." Omitting the "best of all," which implies a less good alternative where there can be no alternative, he has the intelligent of the country with him individually; when they have combined we shall go forward.

There have been various conjectures as to the future parties in the House; some have prophesied groups, some that it will be Labour *versus* the rest. The truth is, and must be, that, as suffrage extends, and as eyes open and heads grow clearer, there can be, *eventually*, only two great parties, the Progressives and the Anties. The sooner the former party can be organised and placed in power, the sooner shall we be making steady headway and gradually eliminating unnecessary waste, unnecessary suffering, and unnecessary discomfort.

This new party must bear a name that is descriptive of its purpose and is free from the feelings of prejudice and from the misunderstandings that surround the names of all the existing political parties. Good Conservatives, good Liberals, Socialists, Labour, Freetraders, and Unionists will all claim that they stand for the same things that such a name will indicate, and many of them with the sincerity of simple faith; but they have not proved it, and the country knows it. We all know in our hearts that no Government as yet has made the best use, or nearly the best use, of the materials, of the knowledge, of the position, of the men, and of the women, that this Empire offers; we also

know that Parliament has not, and does not, represent the best of the nation, and that the new party must be no re-arrangement of fragments of the old ones, but must be formed from the productive strength of the country, from those who are capable of earning their living by producing or helping to produce anything, a sonnet, a match-box, a prize beast, a revue, a turbine, a picture, a field of clover, a palace, or a pair of boxing gloves. The new party must stand for the individual good of every man, woman, and child belonging to the great community that was described aptly by General Smuts as the British Commonwealth of Nations; and in that it will be striving for the common good irrespective of class, sex, or riches, it could have no better name than the "British Commonwealth Party," or more shortly the "Commonweal Party."

Sir Harry Johnston, in the article referred to, outlined a programme, dealing perhaps rather with detail than principle, with effects rather than cause, but a forward programme; and daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly articles and letters appear bubbling with common-sense suggestions for advance and reform. The air is indeed full of a craving for some intelligence in State managementship and a move forward. Were there ever more materials to hand out of which to build a great new party?

There could be no sounder or more effective step towards its foundation than an alliance between all these sympathetic publications. With their contributors and subscribers they would form a very weighty confederation of intelligence. It is not to be expected that they would agree as to details; but where the desire for progress is sincere, and where the absolute necessity is realised of a combination of intelligence before there can be any substantial or permanent advance, there can be no insuperable obstacle to an agreement as to the fundamental principles that should form a basis for common action. Where there is clear understanding and an adhesion to the same principle, difference of detail may cause delay, but not retrogression. However much superficially details may appear to differ, if they are honestly designed in sympathy with the same principle they must tend in the same direction.

But there are other steps. The Press is already articulate. To complete such a confederation, the professional,

commercial, and trade associations, unions, and institutions, politically silent hitherto, must be represented. These have worked for the prosperity of their members and the dignity of their trade or profession. Now they must see that the time has come when it is necessary for them to take a wider action; that in fact to achieve their own ends—the best for themselves—they must help towards the best for the nation. Associations of doctors, of schoolmasters, of authors, of painters, the stage, institutes of engineers, of architects, of steelfounders, unions of bricklayers, of shipwrights, of smelters, of weavers, of spinners, that is, all bodies of men and women associated in connection with creative and productive work, must bestir themselves, to express through their committees what they are thinking and freely saying individually, and give effect to their opinion by throwing the weight of their organisations into a combination for their own and the common good.

There is always the difficulty with intelligence that from its very nature it is individual, and reluctant to surrender its own intimate pattern and subtle colouring for the sober uniformity of associated effort. But intelligence that cannot see the need and advantage of such effort at the present crisis is hardly worthy of the name.

This is the moment, and one cannot repeat it too often. The Navy, the Army, and the workers, both men and women, are not only ready to support, but hunger for a sincere common-sense party of progress.

The following is a sketch of the principles that should bind such a party:

1. That the first duty of the State is to provide the best obtainable education for the new generation, and that by education is meant arousing and cultivating the *desire* for truth, justice, courage, gentleness, order, beauty, efficiency, and knowledge.

Note. "Best," worldly experience has taught us, means, roughly, the most expensive; therefore the teaching profession must be the highest paid, and thence, naturally, in public esteem—which is important—the most honourable.

The mechanical memorising of facts or the drilling in superficial habits of efficiency *for the sake of* obtaining remunerative posts, commercial success, or victory in war is the antithesis of education. It could only produce citizens with the capacity for living crippled, and who mentally always at a loose end, would constitute an irritation to any State that might easily become a danger.

For freemen neither efficiency nor success upon any substantial foundation can be attained save through desire.

Education must indicate the possibilities of life, historically, materially, imaginatively, *by example, and by the environment in which it practises*, to arouse desire; desire for living, desire for the ability and capacity to share such possibilities. Education must point out the paths, and prove the wonderful response of the human creature to cumulative effort, and the consequent reason and worth-while-ness of discipline and patience; and leave achievement to the voluntary, almost automatic, energy of inspired *desire* and informed ambition.

2. That it is the essence of good statesmanship to reduce necessary non-productive tasks to a minimum, and to employ upon them the least amount of labour (mental or physical) and capital.

Note. The neglect of this, both in peace and war, has been one of the chief causes of failure of recent Governments.

Its adoption will have such far-reaching results and lead to such numerous reorganisations of State machinery that only one or two of the most important ones can be indicated now. An examination of the history and present cost of the House of Lords, by the light of this principle, will inevitably lead to its abolition. It is doubtful whether any Second House could justify its existence in an intelligent State.

The more active peers would hardly regret the loss of the Second House, as it would free them for election in the first.

Of the causes that have led to the waste of potentially productive labour the Law is among the more guilty. It is not only non-productive in itself, but is continually leading to non-productive work in others. It has, especially of

late years, through grave faults in our legal system, become swollen out of all proportion, and has attracted to its ranks an army of clever men who, reasonably employed, would have been a gain instead of being a loss to the country. The rise to the first rank of the teaching profession under a Commonweal Party's government would, to some extent, remedy this, by drawing to that profession the best men. But, apart from this indirect effect, direct reform is necessary and not difficult. The fees of solicitors should be strictly scheduled, and the amount of clerical labour they are allowed to employ limited. It should be difficult for a solicitor and illegal for a barrister to earn more than £2,000 a year. Neither class should be allowed to sit in Parliament for an ordinary constituency, but only when directly representing a limited number of approved legal societies or associations.

The fees of judges and magistrates should not be reduced, but it should be possible to qualify for any position in which justice is to be dispensed without having qualified or practised as a barrister or even solicitor.

An examination of the present system of taxation with a view to economy in potentially productive labour will lead to an abolition of all indirect taxation.

3. That justice can exist in name only where it is not absolutely free and where it is a disadvantage to the individual to plead his own cause; and that the codification of the law is a pressing necessity of the State, and should be begun forthwith.

4. That the State should recognise the right of every man and woman to share in the government of the country, and should adopt the principle of adult suffrage and simultaneously abolish all the political disabilities of women.

5. That the State should recognise that it is its duty to set a minimum standard of life by the adoption of a minimum wage, and to provide work for every man and woman needing it; and that the State should take responsibility for

arranging that there is adequate housing for all, at a rent in reasonable relationship to income.

Note. From suggestions made by the present Labour Ministry to pay unemployment insurance it might be thought that there was a shortage of work in the United Kingdom, whereas, on the contrary, there is so much to be done to give England even the appearance of a civilised and educated country that it is not possible to estimate the number of years it would take or the millions of men required.

No standard of housing can be considered adequate that does not include a w.c. and a bath with hot and cold water, both upon the bedroom floor level.

6. That the State should own and control all trades whose practice may be directly or indirectly a danger to the State.

Note. The chief of these are the drink trade, the manufacture and sale of armaments and munitions of war, and the legal professions.

7. That all existing legislation should be modified, and all new legislation designed, to encourage individual responsibility and individuality of effort and of character, and that with this in view State payments for all work should be by result, and that the State should give every encouragement to employers to offer, and employees to require, payment in this manner.

8. That as soon as they are themselves prepared to exercise it, the right to self-government should be extended to all those nations forming part of the community of nations known as the British Empire, that at present are not autonomous; and that a Council or Senate representative of the whole of these nations should be established and meet regularly to discuss and settle all questions of collective interest.

9. That the question of Ireland should be settled democratically in accordance with the wishes of the majority of Irishmen.

Note. A clear-headed statement of the details of a settlement on these lines was contributed to the *Sunday Times* by Lord MacDonnell on April 15th.

10. And finally, that the new party should in all its organisations and actions be candid, that it should have no secret fund, abhor intrigue, and endeavour to use only clean tools.

Note. It is not only not denied that "self-seeking," either through direct or indirect forms, is a powerful force that moves most of us, but it is believed to be the motive power of every advance. Adhesion to common principles for the sake of progress is only a very sensible form of collective "self-seeking," and in the long run the most effective measure for satisfying individual desires. It is hoped that by complete publicity and openness the lower forms of self-seeking will be avoided, that intrigue will be rendered difficult, and the shortsightedly mean and greedy will be shamed into reasonable honesty of action.

These are in the main the principles which should unite a great new party, but the touchstone for testing and planning ways and means, for solving problems and deciding questions of detail, must be intelligence, common sense, and mother-wit.

The attitude of the new party towards future war would be that the country should be adequately prepared to resist bullying and to fight for its freedom to go forward, and that insomuch as the world more and more tends to become one community, so that injury to a part means injury to the whole and consequently injury to us, we should be ready to help weaker nations, by force when necessary, to obtain the same immunity from interference with their progress that we are determined ourselves to enjoy. And this not by secret treaty, but as part of a publicly announced and thoroughly understood policy.

In its preparations for war it would be intelligent and reasonable, and not wasteful and antiquated. It would have no use for the present official type of mind that takes some years to adjust itself to changed circumstances and the possibilities of new methods and new weapons.

The new party, being essentially reasonable and sane

and having a clear-headed understanding of the tremendous wastefulness of war preparations, would aim at eventual disarmament by the mutual consent of the world, and, in the meantime, would continually endeavour to arrive at an agreement with other Powers to limit armament and programme to an agreed scale based upon relative areas, seaboard, populations, imports, exports, and incomes : good faith being established by allowing open and free access, by resident inspectors representing the different countries concerned, to all workshops, factories, and shipyards during working hours, whether by day or night. Such an agreement and scale ought to form one of the terms of the peace that will conclude this war.

The attitude towards protective tariffs would be that mutual free trade upon a basis of equivalent minimum wages was simpler, encouraged steady trade and friendly relationships, and was more economical of potential productive labour; but that until such an agreement was reached, this country would use protective tariffs where she considered them beneficial—in its widest sense—to the people and trade of this country, endeavouring always to free trade rather than to restrain it.

The Commonweal Party would aim always at encouraging individual effort so long as it was not harmful to the community, but it would treat lying advertisements and trade misrepresentations as attempts to cheat and legally punishable, and offences to the eye as public nuisances to be suppressed.

It seems astonishing that there should be any opposition to progress as progress, or to efforts to save waste, educate the people, tidy the countryside, clean the towns, improve our relationship with the world, organise trade, abolish unemployment, provide decent housing, and so on; but there is and will be.

When the British Commonwealth Party has been organised upon the broad lines suggested, it will be found that the force arrayed against it—the "Anties"—will consist of those who would always rather move "to-morrow" than to-day; of those rather pathetic people, habitually too preoccupied to discover whither any road leads, who either cling, for safety, to something which they believe by an inversion of every known law to be stationary, or,

seized by panic, endeavour to travel both ways at once; of those whom a traditional education has neither encouraged to much or clear thinking, nor has fitted for dealing with realities or affairs outside well-worn and circular tracks; and of those who are shortsightedly selfish and perhaps unscrupulously ambitious, who for various reasons favour backward rather than forward movements. The great weapon of this party will be misrepresentation wielded by the last two classes and their followers.

The strength of the new Party will be the intelligent of every class. All those who realise that progress means greater opportunity for the satisfaction of human desires, in love of power, of possessions, of comfort, of luxury, of family, of self, of order, of beauty, of security; those who understand that with foresight and intelligent management of the State everyone must be "better off." The wealthy, if less wealthy, will no longer be offended and distressed by ugliness and the knowledge that preventable misery exists, the workers will no longer work in insecurity, the sick be no more destitute.

This is no cry for Utopia and no demand for the unattainable, but a reasonable desire that the country should be governed by a party representative of the general good sense and aspirations of the nation—a government that would have the eye of a Scots housekeeper for waste, the instinct of an English sailor for cleanliness and order, the sympathy of an Irishman, a Welshman's perseverance, and the energy of our relatives overseas.

P.S.—Since this was written the Minister of Education has made public his programme. He does not seem to grasp our needs. It is not any question of whether forty or fifty thousand men and women get £100 or £150 a year.

Minute increases in salaries will do nothing towards education; they will only slightly improve the comfort of the present staffs of our schools. It is revolution in the standard that we need, and when we have a Minister of Education who speaks to us of thousands of masters and mistresses earning not less than £1,000 a year, and tens of thousands £500, we shall know that the importance of education has at last been realised.

A New Language

By Austin Harrison

A NEW thing has emerged from the Russian Revolution—class Internationalism or the Social Democratic State; both militarily and economically it is the overwhelming issue of the hour. When the Tsar was overturned, we thought that what had happened was merely a *coup d'état* carried out for a military purpose, and that Russia under a Bourgeois or Capitalistic *régime* would become a far stronger Ally in the field and would fight with renewed intensity. It ought to be insisted upon that this was nothing more than the opinion of ignorance, and that only people who were ignorant of Russian conditions and of the Russians could have so miscalculated; and it is very important that we should realise how calamitously ill-informed the gentlemen are who lead us, if, that is, we are to avoid falling into greater mistakes which may prove decisive not only as regards the war but as regards the future.

The military default of Russia this spring has affected all our operations. If it continues for another month or so, we shall be faced with an entirely new situation which it is imperative for us to consider in all its physical and political aspects, in all the immense potentialities it suggests. For what we find is at once a new European statement and a new language. From the diplomacy of Courts, Russia has passed overnight to the phraseology of Marx, skipping the intervening language of the Bourgeoisie, and we do not understand. In England we abominate theory; Socialism has never obtained any constructive acceptance; many of us here simply do not understand the words of the Russian Soldiers' and Workers' Committee speaking as the actual Government of Russia in the name of International Socialism. Our delegates find it difficult to effect contact with these men whom we style "visionaries, dreamers, ideologists, or anarchists," because to us Capital

seems the basis of society, and those who do not worship at its shrine must indeed be stricken with the madness of the moon.

This want of imagination constitutes at this hour a grave danger. It is precisely our attitude towards Ireland, where also we utterly fail to see that Home Rule is an Irish sentiment for which a Celt will lay down his life, and that no matter how prosperous Belfast may be or how poor the bog of Ireland. But the Russian problem is not one we can afford to be ignorant about; it is the problem of the war; it may become the problem of Europe after the war.

That problem is the first realisation in history of the Social Democratic State, which has called upon the masses of Europe to rally to the call of Internationalism. It is no good burking this thing: it exists. To attempt coercion, to attempt interference in Russia, would be a hideous mistake, and might lead to much bloodshed and disaster. The truth, so far as we can know it, is simply this. The Soldiers and Workers are the *de facto* power in Russia, and so long as that condition obtains Russia must be left to work out her own salvation. No man would attempt to prophesy at this juncture. The strangest events may happen. There may be a Bourgeois-Capitalist counter-revolution; the Provisional Government may be able to persuade the workers and soldiers to renew the battle, or anarchy may result; Russia may be in for a series of inner revolutions, for a great struggle for power between Labour and Capital; finally, Russia may go out of the war. It would be idle to attempt a forecast. All that we can say is that at this vitally important moment in the military situation Russia has been absorbed with her own inner fire, and that the prospects of a Russian strategic or intense offensive* this summer may be regarded as highly problematic. The disorganisation has entered deep. The Army itself is in power and the Army is Socialist. That is the outstanding factor. What these men are thinking of can be clearly seen from the Note addressed by

* Until the Army (1) is reorganised, and (2) unless we accept the Russian formula of "no annexations and no indemnities."

the Executive Committee of Soldiers' and Workers' Delegates of Petrograd in reply to the joint letter of Mr. Henderson, M. Thomas, and M. Vandervelde.

"The Russian Revolution has placed before all countries with extraordinary acuteness the urgent need of concluding peace. The Russian Revolution has indicated to nations the way of realising this problem, notably the union of all the working classes to combat all the attempts of Imperialism to prolong the war in the interest of the well-to-do classes. The working classes of all countries can easily come to a speedy and solid agreement, but only if they are inspired with their own interests and remove the aspirations of Imperialists and militarists.

"Having recognised the right of nations to dispose of their destiny, the members of the Conference will come to an understanding without difficulty regarding the future of Alsace-Lorraine. Moreover, the working classes, relieved of the mutual distrust which Imperialists envenom, will agree as to the means of granting compensation, and the amount of such compensation, to the countries devastated by the war, like Belgium, Poland, Galicia, and Serbia, but it goes without saying that such compensation must have nothing in common with the contribution which is imposed on a conquered country.

"As for your statement that it is impossible for you to break the sacred union, this statement is evidently based on a misunderstanding, for the Council of Soldiers' and Workers' Delegates claims from no party as a preliminary condition the renunciation of the policy already pursued by it. The Council of Soldiers' and Workers' Delegates expects of the Conference of Socialists of belligerent and neutral countries the creation of an Internationale which would permit all the working classes of the whole world to struggle in concert for the general peace and to break the bonds which unite them by force to Governments and classes imbued with Imperialist tendencies, which prevent peace.

"The Council of Soldiers' and Workers' Delegates also considers it futile for parties to make it an absolute condition of their taking part in the Conference that the preliminary consent of other parties shall be obtained to any obligatory decisions, for that would give rise in the imagina-

tion to irreconcilable contradictions on questions the amicable discussion of which might lead to a solution acceptable by both parties.

"As for your desire to obtain previous complete agreement between the Allied Socialists, the way in which we put the problem renders futile any such understanding. We consider that the Conference can only succeed if Socialists consider themselves, not representatives of the two belligerent parties, but representatives of a single movement of the working classes towards the common aim of general peace."

That is a new language in diplomacy. The Council speaks in the name of Socialists to Socialists and repudiates Imperialist or Capitalist interests. Notable is its premiss that the working classes of all countries could "easily come to a speedy and solid agreement, but only if they are inspired with their own interests and remove the aspirations of Imperialists and militarists." This is logical. It is a new attestation of reason of State. It may yet be the coping-stone of a New Europe.

I think we shall make a terrible mistake—perhaps the determinative mistake of the war—if we affect to ignore this Socialist statement of New Russia, or seek, through ignorance, to force an issue. With few exceptions our Press has entirely misread the Russian Revolution and misrepresented it. From our public men one no longer expects light or leading, but certainly Lord Milner knew nothing about its meaning and potentialities when he left Russia and is the last man to be entrusted with negotiations with Socialists. But the awakening sense of Democracy has the right to know these things, and what it must now come to a decision about is the situation caused by a Socialist Ally condemning Capitalism in the name of Internationalism, itself appealing to the Socialist conscience of fighting and neutral Europe.

On May 19th there was an interesting article in the *New Republic* which showed pretty clearly that America was alive to the new situation; it is worth our attention. It warned the Allies against flouting Russian policy; it

stated unreservedly that unless Russia was prevented from "drifting out," a military decision "becomes impossible except on one condition." Needless to say this condition is America. But without Russia the Allies could not count on a decision next year, even with a million American troops; four millions would have to be raised, and this would hardly be possible before the summer of 1919. A war of that nature would involve America in revolution. The hope therefore lay with Mr. Wilson. He was now the determinant, he must henceforth be the constructor.

Now what we find in all this is a new expression of national and international values, crystallising into that much-abused term, Democracy. If the war may be said to have reached its penultimate stage, it has also assumed a new characteristic which may well bring this struggle to a conclusion. That motive force is Socialism and the effects of the Socialist Russian Revolution upon all the peoples engaged. It may be described as a great hope or a great danger, according to opinion. If any such ideal condition as a League of Peace founded on the consent of international brotherhood is to be established—and such would seem to be the avowed aim of Mr. Wilson—it is clear to all thinking people that a common Democracy can alone bring such a consummation to pass, a European Democracy which was in possession of power, and thought internationally. For the other way of arriving at the millennium through a European Court of Control to-day seems more and more difficult. It postulates a community of interest which at this hour of madness and hate appears almost chimeric, and certainly if Alsace-Lorraine is restored to France by force, all idea of such a Court vanishes from the outset, for Germany would never enter it. So much may be assumed. A League of Nations which left Germany with an open sore would have to be an anti-German Alliance armed to the teeth, as before the war; and if Socialist Russia, no longer in sympathy with Imperialism, denounced her Treaties and declined further military responsibility with her former Western Ally, any League founded to prevent Germany from striving to recover the lost provinces would have to be enormously strong, always ready to go to war at a moment's notice. All this is

obvious. The Democratic way is much the most logical, but it is also infinitely the most subversive of the old order of things.

To pretend that these matters cannot be discussed is sheer idiocy: they must be discussed, for the realities which confront us to-day require the highest form of statesmanship; moreover, we are all jointly responsible. I do not see myself how any League of Nations can hope to eliminate war so long as nations recognise nationality, which is not a fixed conception but extremely elastic both as regards expansion and declension, and we are educated to follow the national flag in the wake of the secret diplomacy of kings and politicians. There can be no permanent arrangement of Europe, any more than there can be any permanent parity of wealth or value. But if the peoples of Europe seized the power in their hands, abolished boundaries as a national symbol, abolished all secret diplomacy, all Treaties of power for power, controlled all the sources of armaments and met in international Council once a year to revalue and readjust the place and positions of nations, there might conceivably be some security of peace, and in time peoples might learn to think in international dimensions, which is the only way to eliminate war on national and Imperialist grounds.

Now what we see is this actual condition focussed and appealed upon by the Russian Socialists addressing themselves, not to Governments, but to the proletarian masses of the acclaimed concordat. When we called this war the struggle between Autocracy and Democracy, we implied a Capitalist Democracy. We did not think of Demos as the people, but the capitalist powers which control the people. Russia has given Demos a class valuation. She talks for a class to a class, to the whole class of workers in all countries. In her attestation she is just as opposed to Democratic Imperialism as she is to Autocratic Imperialism. She has taken our phrase at its root value and proclaimed its root principle.

Had this taken place in the State of Denmark, we could have called it "rotten" and passed on, but in the

case of Russia, who holds the scales of war in her hands for this year at any rate, the controllers of our destinies must be mad indeed if they fail to measure its significance. Since the events in Russia a profound change has come over the war, of an elemental potentiality. It is no longer possible to silence opinion, to suppress thought, to rule by censorship. All over Europe Socialism, which threw up its quintessential principle for nationalism in 1914, is to-day recovering its conscience, is moving back to the old international idea, knitted constructively together, as it were, through the tragedy of Armageddon. Such is, in fact, the symptom of the Russian repercussion. The war has gone on too long for peoples to remain thoughtless and inarticulate. To-day they are thinking hard, in our midst, too. We may sneer at the representation of the Leeds Conference, but the fact cannot be denied that such a Conference would have been unthinkable six months ago. If as nothing more than the statement of a new Labour Party, it unquestionably demonstrated that conviction, for I would advise men not to attribute too much importance to the "rag" of Captain Tupper, chiefly significant through its exposure of the lack of government thus defied officially by a Union. And that is anarchy. It might be answered by anarchy. It is not exactly a thing to laugh about at this hour of crisis. What one Union can do, another might attempt. In Russia the incident will not be viewed as a joke, nor will it add to that re-establishment of contact which is of such grave importance, or to that understanding of language without which there can be no community of interest and activity.

Crowned heads sleep uneasily to-day. An atmosphere of Republicanism, of unformulated Socialism, obtains and spreads, and without a doubt will continue to spread and gain in intensity month by month the longer the war is protracted; and if the war is carried over 1918 the likelihood of a general European Socialist uprising must be reckoned with. Already the tendency grows to regard the war as a struggle between Labour and Capital. Much, if not all, will depend on the military situation, for in war nothing succeeds like success. Yet it is precisely here that, failing Russian aid, we find the unknown quantity.

Despite the Press, the people know a great deal about the war to-day; they have largely become their own "experts." They no longer trust the politicians. They no longer trust the official Labour leaders. True, theoretical Socialism plays a comparatively small part with them, but we must never forget that we are not the controlling agent now that America has come in as the determinant, both military and moral, and that, in default of Russia, final responsibility passes irrevocably to Mr. Wilson. If the "steamroller" does not roll, the balance of power rests with America, who declares that she has entered the war to bring about a constructive peace—"without victory." That again is the unknown quantity. Uncertainties do not form a good objective, because they lead to further uncertainties. As it is, the formula "no annexations and no indemnities" is interpreted differently by nearly all the countries concerned, nor do we exactly know whether the Russians denounce annexation with regard to Alsace-Lorraine, for instance; and the same may be said as regards American generalisations.

We are not talking the same language. The question of national rights, if pursued logically, might easily lead to absurdity; we might hear that England is a Norman colony, just as America might ethnographically be said to belong to the Red Indians. It is not a question that can be played with, and vague definitions do not help; on the contrary, they obscure the issue the moment we touch on the national rights of the Jews, for example, or the Arabs, or the Germans themselves, for the whole fabric of Pan-Germanism was built up on the racial idea of Germanism, and aimed at the reconsolidation and reclamation of all the Germans as an ethnological and military whole. As yet all these claims and counter-claims represent chaotic aspirations rather than realisable truths, and are in many cases dangerous ground for debate. All that we can see positively is the idealist example of New Russia who has renounced her former Imperialist dream of a Russian Constantinople and professes, so far as we are aware, not to be imperially concerned with the establishment of a Jugo-Slav Empire. And here, of course, the question arises: How long will Russia persist in this vanity of re-

nunciation? It probably does not reflect the wishes of the Duma or of the capitalist classes of Russia, so that once more we are thrown back on the new language of Socialism as it flows from the Neva with all the fervour of a liberated people for the first time voicing the vision of Internationalism.

When we talk of "war to end war" or the war which shall put an end to militarism, it may be just as well to try to understand the language in which we speak, particularly if we are to end up with a League of Nations other than that implied by a police combination ranged against Germany, which would not end militarism at all. And if the end is to be produced by force, as would appear the only policy aimed at by those in authority, it is equally obvious that such an end must be absolute, so absolute as to involve the break-up of the German Empire, and certainly the Austrian Empire, as otherwise the German races would in a decade recover their strength, and not improbably their aspirations, to renew the trial of strength with those who had subdued them. The purely physical view of the war must therefore be complete, or it will leave a military situation as grave and infinitely more costly than that which led to war in 1914, for nothing less than the full crushing of Germany physically, economically, and imperially can lead to any condition of peace in the case of a people whose population in thirty years' time, as estimated at the present rate of increase, is calculated to reach 120,000,000. The German peoples have known war more than any other people in Europe; defeat is no novelty to them; if crushed, broken, and humiliated, the Germans are the last people in the world who are likely to change their skins and accept a finality. Now if this is to be the end of the war, then there will be little question of general disarmament after the war and small prospect of any diminution of military preparedness for the next generation.

But if we are to strive, as Mr. Wilson seems to suggest, for a constructive peace based upon the fellowship of a League of Nations, then the purely physical end is not desirable, and the point to be fought for is correction, but here the supposition is that Europe is still run after the

war by Bourgeois Governments and not by the People, whose language of Socialism they neither understand nor sympathise with. Yet already we find one established Socialist State, and already we find another view of the millennium or era of permanent peace conceived in the terms of Internationalism rooted in the principles of Socialism. At this moment, then, we find three proclaimed objectives, widely differentiated, in fact incompatible the one with the other, each one containing the germs of inner antagonism and mutual self-annihilation. They are: (1) the constructive Imperialist peace for which purpose Mr. Wilson apparently entered the war; (2) the physical or knock-out peace which precludes the possibility of a European League of Nations, and *depends now absolutely on America*; (3) the Socialists' peace based upon the non-Imperialist lines of Internationalism.

Of these, the Russian declaration is by far the most concrete, even if it appears to many men fantastic. It is a curious and intensely interesting situation fraught with infinite possibilities, the final issue of which may be fought out after the war; may, if the war is indefinitely protracted, even end the war in general and subversive democratisation.

The essential need of the moment is thus obviously for the Allies to try to speak the same language; to come to some definite agreement as to the objective; to acquire identity of speech and values. That is not the case to-day. The definitions are as nebulous as their interpretations. A new Estate has arisen with, as yet, unaccepted and unregistrable credentials. It is the new phase in the war, leading no man knows whither. All the same it is very desirable that we should understand this new langauge with its new definitions and gestures, which as it dominates the military position to-day may to-morrow determine the psychology of the war and even lead to a secondary war in some respects more cataclysmic than the one we are all engaged upon.*

* The economic situation in Russia is serious, far more so than is, or has ever been, the case in Germany. As to the question of power, the fact that M. Kerensky failed to get elected as President of the Soldiers' and Workers' Committee, though he is the head of the Provisional Government, is at once significant and symptomatic.

God Save Ireland!

"Experto Crede"

By Major Stuart-Stephens

SOMEWHERE down the broad white road that links up Queenstown with Cork City I heard a cry ring out: "'Tis the Dubs!" In an instant the highway was overflowing with the peasantry from a roadside hamlet, swarming forward in the dust-clouds raised by the passage of one of the new battalions of my old regiment, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers. With the green flag of Erin and its golden harp waving over them, and to the inspiriting strains of the Fenian anthem, "God Save Ireland!" strode past a thousand splendid examples of an ancient fighting race. Yet when I was in the Service the wearing of the green, the shamrock, in uniform was punished as a military crime of the first magnitude. Green colours were unthinkable, and the playing of "God Save Ireland!" by a regimental band would have been regarded as high treason and rank mutiny. Truly the times had changed! And why not?

Ever so many years ago I heard from the Strangers' Gallery in the Mother of Parliaments a very juvenile, impulsive member of the Parnellite Party, boiling over with anti-Saxon sentiment, cheer the unpleasing tidings which had that night arrived from the man-eating Soudan, the tale of how Fuzzy-Wuzzy had broken a British square. Yet only the other morn in the memorable cockpit of Europe the same Irish Catholic Nationalist Member of Parliament, when leading his battalion at the forefront of an English army, consecrated with his life-blood the obliteration of centuries-long feuds between the Orange North and the Rebel South. Oh, yes; surely the times have changed.

Knighthood to Sir Thomas Tom Fool who, as mayor of his city, backed and bowed on the occasion of the opening of a new municipal laundry, the incarnation of British Bumbledom. A K.C.M.G. flung to a Colonial

company promoter, who had sagely remembered that there were such things as party funds. A civil K.C.B. to Sir Harry Half Margin, who had warmed the chair of prominent officialdom for a couple of decades. Such entries in the "Honours List" have made sad havoc with the glory of this Old World title. But if the Sovereign conferred a posthumous knighthood on the late Major William Redmond, M.P., I could almost dare to fancy that the dim vaults and monumental shrines of many an old English cathedral would give forth an approving murmur as the sleeping paladins of Agincourt and Waterloo welcomed a kindred knightly spirit to their—alas!—oft desecrated roll.

Yes, these British soldiers of the Ancient Faith have in this Titanic blood-letting again made manifest that religion is not a useless component in the trade of the fighting man. Words of a great soldier are worth quoting on this point. "Your troops," said one Oliver Cromwell to Hampden, "are most of them old decayed serving men and tapsters and such kind of fellows. You must get men who have the fear of God like the Catholic Irish before them, and some proper concern as to what they do, or our army will be invariably beaten by that, as it has been, of the King."

When Lord Roberts introduced a measure advocating universal military service it was opposed by Lord Lansdowne, who maintained that "if you establish general military service in England and Scotland you must extend it to Ireland, and that would endanger the State." In effect, the military weakness of Ireland was held to be England's strength. The day after Lord Lansdowne delivered himself of this remarkable view as to Ireland's military potentialities I dug out of the House of Lords journals a speech of the victor of Waterloo on Catholic emancipation in the sister isle. And this is what the Protestant Tory Duke of Wellington said:

"It is already well known to your lordships that of the troops which our gracious Sovereign did me the honour to entrust to my command during the Peninsular War, at least one-half were Roman Catholics. My lords, when I call your recollection to this fact, I am sure that all further eulogy is unnecessary. Your lordships are well aware for what length of period and under what difficult circum-

stances they maintained the Empire buoyant upon the flood which overwhelmed the thrones and wrecked the institutions of every other people; but these Irish soldiers kept alive the only spark of freedom which was unextinguished in Europe. My lords, I declare that it is mainly to these Irish Catholics that we owe all our proud predominance in our military career, and that I personally am indebted for the laurels with which you have been pleased to decorate my brow. We must confess, my lords, that without Catholic blood and Catholic valour no victory could have ever been obtained, and the first military talents might have been exerted in vain."

There is no need to add to that illustrious testimony. Do not many miles of graves near by in ravaged Picardy bear witness to its abiding truth?

Let us see how the Home Rule question affects our new fighting Ally, the United States. The membership of the Clan-na-Gael, which is actively, directly or indirectly, in league with Germany through antagonism to Great Britain, does not exceed half a million, but the number of Irish in the United States who feel strongly on the delay in granting Home Rule is very large. There are to-day living under the Stars and Stripes some million and a half people who were born in Ireland, and there are now in the States more Home Rulers whose parents or grandparents were born in Ireland than the population at home of either Nationalist or Orange Ireland. And nearly all of them or their forbears crossed the Atlantic because of grievances for which they held Dublin Castle rule responsible. In intelligence and enterprise the Irish-American leads all other communities, and any cause that sways so important a racial section of the Union cannot be ignored in politics or the conduct of the Government in Washington. For complete support of a vigorous American war programme more than six million Irish-Americans of anti-extreme views demand as a return that the United States Government should use America's entry into the war as a lever upon the English Cabinet to exact an immediate and complete Home Rule Bill.

When, therefore, Washington expresses to London a lively hope that a rapid solution of the Irish question is in the air, it is not because of any idea of impertinent

interference in Britain's domestic affairs, but that the United States is seeking to unite to its war policy its Irish-American citizens, and to remove all opposition to an unsparing war carried on until it brought about the downfall of German military autocracy. For America has not gone to war merely to avenge a Prussian submarine commander's bloody fantasy. Nor is she proposing to send across the Atlantic a host of armed United States citizens for the purpose of winning back Alsace and Lorraine for her sister republic. Also—and let the brutal truth be told—Columbia would never allow her sons to be sent to death on European battle-fields did she not regard her share in the conflict as an operation of international order and police.

The American people, I am assured by many representative exponents of what that people's real war policy is, hold themselves outside the views of England as to the enlargement of her strategic frontiers in the Middle East or those of Italy on the Adriatic or Mediterranean. The sole concern America has in this war is the securing, by the defeat of the Central Empires, the safety of the great Western democracy, which would be confronted by a deadly peril if Germany was able to impose upon the Allies an indecisive peace. And to save such a consummation to this world struggle America must be truly united. She dare not ignore the desires of six millions of the ablest and most important of her citizens, and who, moreover, are racially possessed of the military qualities indispensable in the improvisation of a huge national army. There will be no evasion possible on the part of the British Government in the final movement to satisfy the demands of a majority of the sea-divided Irish Gael. American pressure will become irresistible during the next few weeks. During the last month I have been privileged to meet in London on not a few occasions an eminent American man of letters who occupies the Chair of History in one of the New England Universities. He has crossed the ocean to hold outside the precincts of the Irish Convention an informal watching brief for a very influential statesman who is not unknown to the President. It is safe to say that he is Wilson's St. Peter. No private American citizen was ever so close to the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. Brushing aside governor-making, president-making, and president-assist-

ing and the mystery of his influence (if it is a mystery) over Woodrow Wilson, there are graver matters in the political influence of this personage about which this article is concerned. He is a keen student of Irish history. He holds that the whole fabric of society and government in Ireland has been wrong from the very beginning of the English conquest, and must be swept away by an intellectual tidal wave. Holding this view in regard to unhappy Ireland, I think he may not inaccurately be described as being nearer in sympathy with the Hibernian Intellectuals, otherwise Sinn Feiners, than any other Irish political or social party. He holds that the attempt to win Irish freedom as the paradoxical result of a German victory was a betrayal of Celtic ideals. He maintains that for the Irish Celt to become a pro-German would involve a change of soul so radical as to amount to de-Celticisation. To quash finally any Irish-German *entente*, the American alumni to whom I am referring has brought with him, and allowed me to see, certain documents the perusal of which leaves no doubt in my mind that the Sinn Feiners were deluded with promises of military support as illusory as Mr. Lloyd George's promises of a thoroughgoing Home Rule Constitution. They received a message from Berlin promising the landing in Ireland a week after Casement's arrival of 36,000 troops. And in the meantime they sent as earnest of better things a small, slow, leaky old tramp carrying a cargo of obsolete Russian rifles, which were selling at Liége before the war for seven shillings each. The Sinn Feiners gave everything, the Germans gave nothing. All they wanted was to create a temporary diversion, and so a dozen or more dreamers and poets were interviewed by a firing-party to make a Berlin holiday. My friend has descended on the Irish capital with evidence that will sensibly damp Sinn Fein revolutionary histrionics, but not Sinn Fein ambitions and ideals for a New Ireland, an Ireland free and reunited at last, which would enjoy the happiness which her sons' blood-sacrifices have earned.

And let me remind my readers once more that Colonel House is the power behind the great Republic of the West.

A curious development of this American confidential mission to the Sinn Feiners is the cryptic dispatch of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., to Washington. He sailed from

these shores somewhere about the second week in June, and up to the moment of writing—June 14th—not a hint as to his having been sent has reached the Press. Feeling certain that his presence in the States cannot possibly be hidden from the ubiquitous New York reporter until the appearance of this issue of THE ENGLISH REVIEW, I now give publicity to the fact in this article, as the reason for the "Star's" semi-diplomatic mission to America is mainly concerned in "dishing" Sinn Fein opposition to the Dublin All-Ireland Convention. Speaking for myself, and not in the least as one reflecting on the Sinn Fein view of this very remarkable episode in the history of the present time, I venture to believe that this mysterious spiriting off to Washington of Mr. T. P. O'Connor by Mr. Lloyd George will prove to be a tactical mistake.

Those few of my readers who have any inkling of the intrigues and counter-intrigues which are simmering in the melting-pot of the coming Convention will readily grasp my meaning when I write "a tactical mistake," for it is not wholly impossible that this latest of "Tay Pay's" many Transatlantic voyages has been undertaken without the knowledge of his Parliamentary leader—another example of the atmosphere of glorified secretiveness in which our present rulers live and move and have their being. When this appears in print it will, I suppose, be public property that Mr. O'Connor is "on the other side," and that his ambassadorial status is even more puzzling to inquisitive gentlemen of the Transatlantic "Fourth Estate" than that of that other eminent disciple of Talleyrand, Lord Northcliffe. For the American-Irish are suspicious of semi-official confidential envoys from Downing Street. It is only during the last couple of months, since the Republic's entry into the War, that the almost universal suspicion, if not frank hostility, that prevailed for so many years in America throughout the Irish community has begun to weaken. I also have been in the States on secret missions, and I have returned to these rain-washed isles bringing with me no illusions as to our Irish-American cousins being cousins in heart as well as in relationship. No, I found that the feeling against England was more deep-rooted than any other feeling—that it was an instinct and not a reason, and consequently possessed the dogged strength of unreasoning

antipathy. When I went to the States some years ago, in order to obtain by hook or by crook an opinion as to the military potentialities of the Irish-American societies in the event of Britain being drawn into the vortex of a vast European struggle, I found the opportunity to talk with every class of American Celt. Here is his story: His father or his grandfather or his great-grandfather had left green Erin because his landlord preferred meadows and sheep-walks in Ireland to him and his. He or his forbear did not leave as one from a household to establish a branch connection across the ocean; he went away by families, by clans, by kith and kin, for ever and for aye; he made the journey in leaky, fever-infected vessels, called in the phrase of those emigration days "coffin ships," and he landed in the New World with dark thoughts against Irish land laws and with hate in his heart of English supremacy in his loved Motherland. When I met him in the New World it mattered little to England that he had bettered himself and had grown rich—that was his affair. All my business with him, on behalf of the land that had driven him from his sanctified acres, was that I greatly desired to know if his Clan-na-Gael and his Fenian Brotherhood and his Ancient Order of Hibernians were capable of giving us trouble if ever we were engaged in a deadly struggle against Prussian despotism.

In this connection I feel tempted to descend to a personal detail. During the process of combing out the opinions of the Irish-American anti-British military organisations I was honoured by an invitation to break bread with the Galway Club in New York City. I presented myself at the feast as an avowed enemy of its promoters. These were the late Patrick Ford, editor and proprietor of that fire-eating Fenian organ *The Irish World*, the local chiefs of the Clan-na-Gael, and a goodly contingent of ex-Fenian convicts. That night, at Sherry's restaurant, when the tablecloths had been removed, Hiberno-American oratory outpoured itself, and when a certain General O'Beirne stood up and proposed that, to the toast of "To Hades with Queen Victoria," the contents of our wineglasses should travel down their duly appointed paths, I thought it was time for me to discover that I had a pressing appointment elsewhere that particular evening.

Actuated by this timely memory, I sent up my card to the chairman of this most, to my mind, treasonable function and asked permission to withdraw. My pencilled message on the back of my pasteboard was understood by old Pat Ford, who, despite his ravings, was in private life a most kindly old Galway man. He sent me back a sympathetic message regretting that the "boys" had commenced their display of fireworks: "Of course, I cannot in the least expect you, as a British officer, to stay with your ears open." I had proceeded to a vestibule wherein to invest myself in the fur coat necessary to a New York winter night, when came to me one Captain Edward O'Meagher Condon, who blurted out: "Are you going to leave us like that, Captain?" I received his remark with somewhat mixed feelings, as this particular member of the Clan-na-Gael of grim purposes had been sentenced many years before in Manchester to the pleasant experience of being hanged, drawn, and quartered. This was when, on receiving his sentence, he advanced to the front of the dock and, with uplifted right hand, his voice rang through the fog-shrouded court, "God save Ireland!" and it was that defiant expression of faith in his nationality and religion that afterwards served as the *motif* of the late T. D. Sullivan's world-famed Hibernian "Marseillaise," the hymn of the "Manchester Martyrs"; and to this day wherever Nationalist Irishmen dine, whether in Cork or Calcutta, their reunion on the name-day of holy Saint Patrick finishes with the crash of "God save Ireland!"

> "Whether on the scaffold high
> Or the battlefield we die,
> Oh! what matter when for Erin dear we fall."

I endeavoured to excuse myself; but it was little use, for before I could ejaculate "God save the Queen!" an Italian waiter had, in some mysterious fashion, smuggled into the cloak-room a couple of chairs and a small table which proudly bore on its upper surface a bottle of James Jamieson's Dublin whisky and a syphon of Manhattan mineral water. While the British Empire was being demolished in theory in the dining-hall of festivity, a British officer and an ex-Fenian convict (Condon on his respite from the death sentence had served nearly a score of years' penal servitude) sat and drank to each other's healths as members of

a not too docile race. From which it may be inferred that the writer gets on with all sorts and conditions of his countrymen, as he has done and as he hopes he will do when attending, for THE ENGLISH REVIEW, the belated Irish Convention.

Let me now, at this date (I am writing on June 18th), anticipate a proposed scheme for the administration of a new Ireland, God save her! The plan of certain of my friends who have honoured me with their confidence is one based on the Constitution as conceived by the signatories of the American Declaration of Independence. A Federal scheme of government tempered by the conservative safeguards of one of the greatest of Columbia's statesmen, time-honoured Hamilton. Ireland would be composed of States, not counties, each having its governor, and each sending Congressmen to a Central Congress at College Green, the county and city of Dublin being, as Washington, erected to a territorial entity similar to that of Washington, D.C. A President, who might suitably be Prince Arthur of Connaught, would be elected for a term of five years—a period which would possibly be sufficient to allow the new order of things to shake down, so to speak. A second, and after-presidential, election would be for the purpose of electing the Chief Magistrate for three years. The question of Ireland's foreign relations would, as with the Boers until the retrocession of their Republic, be left in the possession of Downing Street. But the control of the customs, inland revenue, the various city police forces, and that superb semi-military body, the Royal Irish Constabulary, would be at the disposal of the new Irish Congress or Parliament. Such a Constitution to the "distressful country" would be a bold, indeed an audacious, experiment in statesmanship; but it would be worth the trial, as events have since proved that master-stroke of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's when dealing with our once valiant enemies and now equally valiant fellow-subjects, the Dutch Africanders. The materialisation of the scheme thus outlined would, I am heart and soul convinced, indeed save Ireland. And call the country a Republic if the majority of its people so desire. What would it matter? All our great Dominions are so many Republics, of isles in fact, if not in name, otherwise if they had not been allowed to

become so, they would have become by this time a number of independent, unconnected States, bearing but little relation to the Motherland, instead of being, as they are now, true Daughter States.

Let us for a moment look at the lessons of their creation in the structure of our sea-spanned Empire. When Queen Victoria ascended that long and gloriously-kept throne of hers, Canada was in the throes of revolution. British and French Canadians were cutting each other's throats with cheerful unanimity. The Parliament Houses of Montreal were burned down. It looked as if Our Lady of the Snows was about to separate from her Imperial family. A Home Rule Constitution was granted to the divided Dominion, and since then we know how our possession in North America has grown up to be one of the foremost pillars of the British Commonwealth.

Then, again, the miserable story of our defeat at Majuba and its aftermath, that terrible Boer War, where our friends and comrades, the soldier statesmen, Botha and Smuts, carved for themselves an imperishable record on the road of famous heaven-born soldiers. Home Rule has been by a brilliant stroke of genius granted to so long a turpid austral Africa with the result that our great outpost of Empire on the route to India has been saved to Britain.

Queen Victoria had hardly occupied Windsor Castle more than a dozen years when revolution broke out in Australia, a revolution thinly disguised as "Mining Field Riots." We were then within an ace of losing that island continent, when the timely gift of Home Rule prevented another secession from the parent country.

The lesson stands written before us to-day. How will it be applied? God save Ireland indeed that the application of these lessons may be received in that spirit that alone will satisfy a country that was never destined geographically to separate her interests from the larger neighbouring island.

The Women's Vote

By V. A. D.

Women feel a little dazed at the prospects of suffrage and representation at last accorded to them, as it were, from the battlefield. Yet it is clear that male opposition, largely kept alive as a sex prerogative, no longer exists in that sense, and this, no doubt, women can justly attribute to the performance of their sex in war and the readiness with which they have shouldered the burdens of man and worked instead of talked. All this is excellent as a beginning, because women will have won their spurs, so to speak, on common ground, and thus the suffrage will fall to them not so much as a gift but rather as an automatic result of fitness and responsibility.

What will the sex do with their new right? It is a very serious problem which the war has at once simplified and complicated. To take the simplified aspect first, it is unquestionably a fact that many thousands of women have learnt some hard lessons during the war, and many of these formerly gay bachelor-girls, sex champions, and bitter-tongued ladies have grown wonderfully softened of late, and to-day recognise once more the old truths which before the war they were disposed to scoff at. Love has been almost as active as death since 1914. Motherhood has returned to her primeval place. The home is again "sweet." We may safely say that the sex war has been knocked-out for this generation, and when the men return vast social problems will engage our attention and the cry will be—the race. That makes for simplicity, for the natural functional order of things; and there is also this: Numbers of women have rediscovered the "utility" of man, and consequently their own differentiated utility. The many thousands of women who have nursed, who have suffered with the men, who have been thrown in close contact with men of all classes, will issue from the contact

with very different notions from those they held in 1914, and that these women will take a prominent part in public life may safely be assumed. We find pronounced suffragists to-day reverting to the old ideas or ideals of the place of woman in society—above all, as the mother. We see distinctly a strong reaction tempering the minds of both sexes, which will render sex co-operation a far easier thing than it ever could have been without war, thus leading to a complementary start which, it is to be hoped, women will deftly avail themselves of.

Socially, too, many shutters have been drawn up. Great social problems such as venereal disease are to-day as freely discussed as before the war they were taboo. The brutalities of war have removed the myths of sex on both sides. If "morals" have suffered somewhat in the process, women have learnt one or two necessary lessons; for one thing, a good slice of our Puritanical sex hypocrisy has gone and will not return. Probably women know more about men and "life" now than they ever knew before or ever thought of knowing; it is not a bad thing. This opening up of vistas must change England. After the war we shall meet on almost even ground; having done men's work, knowing how they work, able to speak to them about the office, the bank, the factory, the railway, the yard, the War Office, and even the sanctum of the club; men's mysteries have gone. In the future we shall be in a position to "talk shop" as well as practise it, and that also conduces to simplicity.

The complications will begin partly as the result of the new conditions and partly by reason of the change that has come over women, and the breach in the old woman's movement that has already taken place. Women's danger will be her facilities for imitation. If women merely become political women, imitating the male politician without a sense of responsibility, without fundamentals, without conviction, why, we are going to have factional fights which will not be pretty and may be disastrous. Nothing will do the cause of women more disservice than oratorical politicising for personal motives, for "getting on," as men call it, in the social and political world, because all such women will soon be found out, and mere "shrieks" in imitation of the male electioneering breed may get a few

women into Parliament, but certainly will not find favour among the public, who are likely to demand a different type of politician from that which made up the servile following of this long and sterile Parliament.

Imitation will be women's danger. As speakers, women will certainly do well. If they copy men's ways—it is so easy for them—and merely seek to shine and impose a limelight personality upon the multitude, leaving principle and the fundamentals to look after themselves with the baby, women will not acquire respect, and will find themselves as impotent as the Assembly to-day at Westminster, the mere attachment of governmental machinery. And that would be a sad beginning. There are so many great problems for women to tackle, foremost among which are education, the conditions of living, the housing question, the economic problem generally, the condition of the poor, of their children, of their slums, the marriage laws and the question of divorce, the wages of women and the need of women's trade unions, the eternal problem of the modern wife doomed, in existing conditions, to be the slave of her man, his servant, his cook, his pillow, and his drudge—all women's questions which will only be remedied by women in possession of the vote, thinking and voting unitedly.

Here is the field for women to get to work. Politics in the practical sense instead of in the abstract. To get things done for women, to improve their hard lot, to render their lives brighter and less of a daily toil, to get women better wages, to abolish "sweating" and the abuse of women who have to work in pregnancy, to educate women to read better things and so aspire to higher things, to break down our ghastly snobbery which poisons the servant class, to identify the sex with a practical constructive sense—that is what we should aim at, and, above all, let us seek to do it as women, not as petticoat M.P.'s thinking of Party and the discipline of Party leadership.

Do not let us deceive ourselves. In our schools the girls are trained more and more to be boys, but this should be our province, and what we should insist upon is to have women educated to be women. The vote will not alter our sex. But our sex may well alter the value of the vote. That is our opportunity. To become merely Tories or Liberals and the blind followers of the leaders of Tory

and Liberal policies will not help women, as we shall soon discover if we try it. The men think that is what we shall dissolve into. I hope not. Only as conscious women can we improve the position of women and get things done. Detachment of thought is essential if any improvement is to be effected in such a matter as venereal disease, for instance, or in removing the cruelty of man's divorce laws. The vote is really a test of independence. Make it a badge of servility, and we women will merely add so many votes to this or that Party machine. After the war man will be rather a precious animal. He will be perforce our jewel, because the jewel of the nation. And let us not forget that bitter times are ahead. Great upheavals are inevitable. The Labour question will assume an intensity never known here before—much, oh, so much, will depend on the line we take up, if we take up a line, and how we use the new power given to us. Nor will the economic side of women's labour settle down easily or revert to the old days, and here, too, there may be difficult times and no little sex jealousy.

I hope we shall get a principle into our movement to start from. I hope the women will see in politics not a tiresome responsibility or one which is mainly concerned with talk and promises, but a weapon for women to use to get the right things done in spheres where men are too lethargic or conservative to move, and in the direction where woman's authority and perceptions best fit her to work and construct. The first thing here for women is to think as women, and not to be the mere straphangers of man's political falsities and the old tricks of the old Party politicians.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

THROUGH RUSSIA IN WAR-TIME. By C. FILLINGHAM COXWELL. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

This is a book to be bought, borrowed, begged for, or stolen. It is all so delightfully simple, interesting, and *accurate*. Mr. Coxwell, one can easily see, was just the stranger to get on with the polite, kindly people of Holy Russia. He says, "At first a shade of irritation would pass over the faces of the concierge or the women servants when I stumbled awkwardly in a sentence, but an air of pity and gentle resignation ere long became manifest. How really astonishing to find a people whose comparatively humble members care to correct a stranger's mistakes in gender, number, and case. It was encouraging to feel quite sure, once in a while, of a new form of expression. Then, revelling in its utterance, I gave hearers to understand that my turn had come. 'Spaelehô' ('thank you') seemed superfluous, 'ôtchen khanshò' ('very good') could be freely indulged in, while 'da' ('yes') and 'niet' ('no'), pronounced with much emphasis, were godsends to my humbled spirits. 'Nitchevo' ('nothing') remained as a reserve not yet to be lightly employed. It stood on a higher plane, after soaring to which I was apt to land in difficulties." Anyway, he was, after three weeks' wrestling with the speech of our Allies, able to set forth on a long journey, on which he contrived to make himself understood. Here is an object-lesson for the thousands of our enterprising countrymen who will be flocking to Russia after the war. Every one of such should read this book; it teems with good and useful things.

SECRET BREAD. By F. TENNYSON-JESSE. W. Heinemann. 6*s.* net.

After the boy and girl romantics of the Milky Way, this work of Miss Tennyson-Jesse is rather a spring into what

some people would call materialism. It is not so much a novel as a history, the tale of a Cornish family, its rise and fall and progeniture, making a story of macabre intensity which seems to contain remarkable facilities for dramatisation. The author is at home on this ground. She clearly revels in these Cornish types, gets into their skins and unfolds them with an almost Sadic intention. As a work of art, the thing rather lags and jolts and seems somewhat patchy. There is no cumulative effect. One wonders sometimes whether it is a novel, so detached parts of it appear, so *décousu* is the groundwork. But there are curiously subtle descriptions, criticisms, pictures, portrayals, scenes, anecdotes, and one chapter is devoted to a boys' fight which would have delighted Marryat. Here we have the author, grown-up. The book leaves the critic wondering: what will this fresh young writer develop into —for obviously she is in process of development; will she be a realist, for the dramatic side is strong, or will she find a manner, a line, and follow it? Unquestionably there is power in the author, an unusual curiosity, a perception and recreative talent which has not yet found its true expression. The technique of great fiction is lacking at present. Presentation is on the surface, it does not come from beneath, and there is a lack of nexus. All the same, *Secret Bread* is no ordinary book, and promises a career.

POETRY AND DRAMA

THERE IS NO DEATH. By RICHARD DENNYS. With a Foreword by DESMOND COKE. John Lane. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

There is a strange and tragic anomaly in the fact that to the war we owe the revelation of so much literary talent, revealed in many cases too late to excite more than a wistfulness of regret. It is thus with the writer of these poems, (Capt.) R. Dennys, who was killed in July, 1916, at Contalmaison, when serving with the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. From the preface, written by Desmond Coke, himself at once soldier and man of letters, and the fellow-officer of the author, the reader will learn enough of "Dick" Dennys' attractive and beautiful personality to give an added interest to these manifestations of what was

but one of its many sides. The poems themselves range from very early work—there is a strangely simple and haunting little "Thanksgiving," written at the age of twelve—to those composed in the opening year of war. From the latter, since space forbids more than one quotation, the following may be taken as typical. It is part of a poem called "Better to Pass Away":—

> My friends the hills, the sea, the sun,
> The winds, the woods, the clouds, the trees—
> How feebly, if my youth were done,
> Could I, an old man, relish these!
> With laughter, then, I'll go to greet
> What Fate has still in store for me,
> And welcome Death if we should meet,
> And bear him willing company.

SOCIOLOGY

MOTHERHOOD AND THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE SEXES. By C. GASQUOINE HARTLEY. Eveleigh Nash. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Mrs. Gallichan has written admirably on sex, and in this volume she proclaims once more the eternal truths of sex and the rules which govern it. Man may smile a little, for this book reverses the opinions previously enunciated by the author in the era of suffragette sex-war; indeed, she writes bravely that her prophecy of the twentieth century as the "age of women" to-day appears to her so wrong as to be "almost ridiculous." That is a recantation men will respect. They have never thought that because women had the vote that therefore the sex would or could change, or that the problems of womanhood and motherhood were going to be solved with the appearance of a few clever women speakers in Parliament. It is the war which has brought about this modification of opinion with Mrs. Gallichan, who now preaches the old, old ideas about women and their upbringing quite like a Victorian lady. Mrs. Humphry Ward will no doubt be delighted. We hope women will study this book, particularly the chapters in which the author exposes the modern educational system. Here we are in absolute agreement. Girls are to-day educated like boys, and many suffer in the process. Sex in these places is taboo. We recommend this work both for its sincerity, suggestiveness, and clearness of exposition.

WAR

WHAT I KNOW OF RUSSIA. By HARRY DE WINDT. Chapman and Hall. 10*s.* net.

The author is world-famous in the annals of travel as having accomplished a wonderful journey across Northern Siberia and then down the ice-sealed Alaskan coast-line to civilisation and warm water. In this last work Mr. de Windt gives a series of living pictures in print of "All the Russias." Of one of them, Circassia, he tells of a curious custom among the fair which obtains until the present day. When a young lady reaches the venerable age of fourteen years, her mamma tightly laces her into a pair of wasp-waisted corsets, which are firmly sewn up, and from which mademoiselle is not released until the day on which she enters the married state. Then her husband, if he so pleases, may turn his spouse loose. This drastic means of figure-training would not, even in these starvation times, commend themselves to our enemy's fraus or fräuleins, whose average ceinture, I am creditably informed by a Parisian *corsetière*, tapes thirty inches. This last of Harry de Windt's sprightly records of his wandering is very much up to date.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD. Headley Bros. Cloth, 5*s.* net; cloth limp, 2*s.* net.

We intend to return to this courageous attempt to tackle so vast a subject as a League of Nations in the full tide of war, and will merely say now that the book deserves earnest attention. Mr. Brailsford is writing with great lucidity to-day, and no side can take offence at this perfectly honest endeavour to see what can be done to eliminate war. As a statement of general principles, it should be studied. But there will be much to say about the whole matter before long, and we mean to analyse Mr. Brailsford's arguments and see where we agree and where we differ. In the meanwhile, our advice is: Get the book.

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